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AN UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

BY

FOLGER McKINSEY

“THE BENTZTOWN BARD”

Author “A Rose of the Old Régime,” etc.



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THE APRIL SPIRIT

HURRY, APRIL

MAKE the moonlight dream of April,
 Make the winds themselves contain
All the silver ebullition
 Of her bloom and of her rain.
Make the starlight tell of April,
 And the sunrise walk with her
To the music of the meadows
 And the green vale's dulcimer.

Let the dear one know we're waiting,
 Let her feel our heartbeat clear
At the shadow of her footstep,
 At her great dream dawning near.
Let her hurry, hurry, hurry,
 That our poignant grief may stay
And the soul go out to meet her
 Where the woodbloom leads the way.

Make the far sea murmur April,
 Make the hillsides whisper low
That she lurks around the corner
 Like a ghost of long ago.
All her girlish, winsome wonder,
 All her laughter and her tears,
And the dew-bell of her dancing
 Coming down the twinkling years!

SLEEPING BEAUTY

MUTE the silver bugles now;
Courtier, doff your plume and bow!
Low, low, whisper low
As beside her couch you go!
Regal in her purple gloom
Sleeps she in her purple room;
Years and years and years ago
She put slumber's beauty on;
Golden tress and cheek of rose,
Throat more marble than the snows;
Lips too sweet for love to kiss,
Love to kiss, love to kiss!

Halt your steed, impatient knight,
Here is Beauty, breathing light!
Little hand in careless spell
Fallen like a coral shell
On her breast, so pure the day
Turns its garish beams away.
Arm above her little face,
Molded in Minerva's grace—
Years and years ago in sleep
Came the shadow-wings a creep
In her eyes, too sweet for thee
Evermore to open see.

Older than the antique lace
Curtaining her form of grace;
Older than the breath of musk

GREEN WILLOW

Breathing here its bloom of dusk,
In the silence of her lips
Is the cry that never slips
From the heart within her breast,
Aching centuries of rest
Till the golden note be heard,
Till the right tongue utters word
Of the living speech that dwells
In love's lost, archaic spells!

GREEN WILLOW

GREEN grows the willow-o,
Green grow the grasses
Where we kissed and let them go—
All the bonny lasses;
Where we kissed and let them go—
Don't you let their mothers know!
Green grew the willow-o
In that land of long ago,
Gone, gone forever!

Green grows the willow-o,
Fast fades its gleaming;
Sweetly the song and low
Drifts through our dreaming;
Shadows, shadows through the years,
Memory walking in her tears,
Green grows the willow-o
In that land of long ago,
Gone, gone forever!

THE FACE OF A CHILD

IT may not have mattered much,
And it really was nothing at all—
A child with that infinite touch
Of a child with her arm round a doll:
But somehow wherever I went
And whatever took place all day,
Her face was a sacrament sent
To keep me from going astray!

Some would not have given a thought
To so purely a commonplace thing
As a child with her visage enfraught
With the light and the bloom of the spring:
But it followed me, haunting and sweet,
And her laughter rang on in my ears,
And I smiled through the dust and the heat
And forgot there were sorrow and tears!

It might have no meaning at all,
Mere fancy, a flash and a gleam,
But I felt all the day in the thrall
Of a radiant and lovable dream:
Just that the face of a child,
A glimpse of it, passing, and then
The laughter of lips ringing wild,
Kept me sweet in my battle with men!

A DAY

A DAY

YOU will remember the day, and so will I, will I,
When a ladder of snow-white roses leaned down from
the soft blue sky,
And there on the violet rungs, with wings of the feather-
bloom,
She came tiptoe to our wintry world with a breath of the
May's perfume.

You will remember the day—oh, who could forget such a
gleam,
When we looked again from the barren lanes to the far blue
deeps of dream,
And June in a winter world came down with her golden hair,
Rose by rose on the violet rungs of the ladder stretching
there.

Over her all the song, over her all the glow,
The drifting shimmer of sky and cloud, when buds on the
plum bough blow;
Dainty her steps as the tink of far-off fairyland bells,
And we felt her weave in a dance of spring the web of her
wonder spells.

You will remember the day, and so will I, will I,
When earth looked up from her wintry sleep to the blue of
an April sky;
When out of the cloud and gleam a ladder of roses swung,
And down she came to the barren lanes, violet rung by rung!

THE MAN WITH THE VISION

HE who has the vision sees more than you or I;
He who lives the golden dream lives four-fold thereby;
Time may scoff and worlds may laugh, hosts assail his thought,
But the visionary came ere the builders wrought,
Ere the tower bestrode the dome, ere the dome the arch,
He, the dreamer of the dream, saw the vision march!

He who has the vision hears more than you may hear,
Unseen lips from unseen worlds are bent unto his ear,
From the hills beyond the clouds messages are borne,
Drifting on the dews of dream to his heart of morn;
Time awaits and ages stay till he wakes and shows
Glimpses of the larger life that his vision knows!

He who has the vision feels more than you may feel,
Joy beyond the marrow joy in whose realm we reel—
For he knows the stars are glad, dawn and middleday,
In the jocund tide that sweeps dark and dusk away.
He who has the vision lives round and all complete,
And through him alone we draw dews from combs of
sweet!

MASTER AND MAN

GOD can take a petal and a calix and a stem
And make a rose of beauty for a garden's diadem;
God can take a hollow and a basin and a rise
And from them rear a mountain peaked with beauty to the
skies;
Man can take a piston and a lever and a wheel
And make a mighty engine—but the mountain bore the steel!

OH, MISS SPRINGTIME

God can take a raindrop and a million years of dew
And make a shining ocean where the heaven is mirrored blue;
God can take a morning and a bird with azure wing
And turn a lane of bluets into amplitudes of spring;
Man can take a hammer and a footrule and a saw
And build a noble temple—but His spirit gives the Law!

God can take some pollen and a blossom and a tree
And make a fruited orchard on a barren tract of lea;
God can take an acorn and where craters used to smoke
Implant the rugged beauty of a grand and glorious oak;
Man can take a keelson and a hull and in a slip
Construct a mammoth vessel—but God's oak is in the ship!

OH, MISS SPRINGTIME

OH, Miss Springtime, flirting with me
In the catkin bud on the willow tree;
Winking, blinking, blithe and spry,
With a breast full of bloom and a cheek full of sky!

Oh, Miss Springtime, aren't you sweet,
With a song on your lips where the rose-buds meet,
A buttercup in the gold of your hair,
And a heart that's a regular devil-may-care!

Oh, Miss Springtime, give me your hand
For a romp in the dell and a race o'er the land,
A breath of the bloom and a cup of the blue,
And a kiss from the lips that are burning for you!

THIS MORNING

THIS morning, I felt just so bad
I could not see how hearts were glad
In such a world where day by day
We have to rise and face the fray,
And on and on through all the years—
And yet, I thought, the sunlight cheers!

This morning I turned over twice
And said, why, is it worth the price
This strain, this stress, this up and off,
With pain and ache and chill and cough,
And day by day the same old thing—
And yet, I thought, the world does sing!

This morning I woke up so blue
I almost failed—as all men do—
To see how wide and sweet God's day
Walked to my heart from far away,
And pouted there in my wee room—
And yet, I thought, God sends the bloom!

This morning, thus, from dark to light
I came at last to know my night
Was not such night, my pain not pain,
My world not dark nor toil in vain,
For somewhere, always, love lifts wings,
And always, always something sings.

THE FLOOD

THE FLOOD

ALL comes back in a flood some moment,
The word we spoke or the thing we did;
Yesterday's lie and the heart's wild foment,
The shamefaced thing that the years had hid.
All comes back in a flood onrushing,
The childhood venture, the foolish act,
The word ill-spoken, the faith ill-broken,
All the Past loomed up in a deathless Fact.

A thousand miles from the place it happened.
A dozen years from the time and chance—
But there it is when the flood comes rushing,
The faces glow and the figures dance!
Never were thoughts so far from the matter,
Yet out of the dim, dead years it flies;
And there is the deed, or the silly chatter,
The awkward scene or the bitter lies.

This comes, then, as the dead truth, certain,
That all we have lived—till our lives have end—
Is there in the folds of the velvet curtain,
In the arrased nook where our memories wend:
All comes back in a flood some moment
When least expected, when none may know,
The lie and the cheat and the heart's wild foment,
Between the eyes like a sudden blow!

SOMEWHERE

SOMEWHERE a softness glows,
Somewhere it comes and goes
Into your life and mine,
Mortal and yet divine!

Somewhere a sweetness speeds
Unto our sorest needs;
Under the gloom, the clod,
Upward it grows to God.

Somewhere, in field or stream;
Somewhere, in deed or dream;
Somewhere a sweetness clings
Round us with wandering wings!

Somewhere, in darkest hour,
Bird-song or bloom-o'-flower,
Lo, at our weary feet,
Somewhere, its sweetness, sweet!

OPTIMISM

A SONG in the shadow,
A smile through the gloom;
Beyond the rained river
A garden in bloom.
Again to the hill-top
And over and on,

THE VOICE OF THE FIDDLE

Though death and the battle
Loom dark in the dawn!
A star in the heavens,
A bow in the sky;
A heart beating dauntless,
A head lifted high.
A faith in what happens,
All things for the best,
While God's in His heaven
And love's in the breast!

THE VOICE OF THE FIDDLE

THE fiddle is naught if it is not human,
With the soul of a bird and the voice of a woman,
The heart of the hill and the melody
Of a thousand ages of wind on the sea!

The fiddle is fine when they wake who will
The sobs and laughter that leap and thrill
From buried valleys of bird and rose
The lovers that deep in its heart repose!

The fiddle is spring, with its chrysalis gloom
Blown by the breath of the birth of bloom
Till hill and meadow are honeycomb sweet
With dew of the clover beneath love's feet!

The fiddle is joy in the midst of a tree
Trembling to tell of the deeps of its glee,
Shouting and ringing and bursting with pain,
Then whispering sadly—a woman again!

HERITAGE

WHAT is this that calls me out,
What is this that sets me wild
With the dream of fairy rout,
With the lightheart of the child?
Father Adam, I am sprung
From the old, old garden spell,
When the seas were all so young,
And the green hills, and the dell!

Was I gypsy on a time,
Like a wind that wants to go
Now across the mountain's rime,
Now where valleyed rivers flow?
In some old, ancestral day
Did I keep my master's sheep,
With a reedy flute to play
Till the charmed things came a-creep?

Was I once a soldier lad,
With a breastplate and a spear?
Or a sailor, always glad
That the seas were always near?
Something vagrant in my heart,
Something eldrich in my soul
Takes me out where green hills art,
Takes me out where gray seas roll!

HERITAGE

In the silver of the moon,
In the amber of the sun,
Glow my dawns with dreams of June,
Gleam my days with youth begun;
I had grandsires who were men
On the coasts of old romance,
And their blood is mine again,
And their javelins and their lance!

I was sometime little child
On a beach of coral bloom,
And my braided locks blew wild
On a foreland's rocky flume;
That is why the sea is sweet,
And the hills are sweet at morn,
And the reeds around my feet
Wear the shape of Triton's horn!

Blood beyond the blood of birth,
Joy beyond the joy of life,
Bring me back to mother earth
Like a Pagan with a fife;
I am with you, shepherd man,
And our sheep are on the hill;
And the pibrochs call the clan,
And the claymores come to kill!

PAN'S PERISHED PIPING

IT was on a merry day in the bloomy marge of May
Pan sat piping,
Sweetly piping,
On his reedy pipes of passion in the old familiar way.
But it sounded very clear
To the world's distracted ear—
Perished piping, like an echo from a far, forgotten day!

There were teardrops in his throat, but where deathless
echoes float

Pan sat piping,
Sweetly piping.
The same old god, half human, and the same old god, half goat,
And the sleeping naiads woke
To the wind-dance of the oak
And the old, remembered cadence of a vanished woodland
note!

Where the willow rushes quiver by the marges of the river,
Pan sat piping,
Sweetly piping.

Tears of dream were in his eye and his lips were loud with
sigh,

But to me in tones of old
O'er and o'er his piping told
That the gods are dead forever, but the song can never die!

MISS MORNING

MISS MORNING

I HAVE drunk the rhythmic dew,
I have felt the silver sun
Touch me where the skies of blue
Round a golden margin run;
But the beating of my heart—
Ah, it will not yet be still—
When upon her feet of rose
Stood Miss Morning on the hill!

I have loved a quiet world,
With a little corner set
For the greenwood dreams we knew
Who are fairy children yet;
But it never seemed so quaint,
And it never hushed so queer,
Till in exhalations faint
Came Miss Morning tripping near!

What were bolts and what were bars
That the world put up at night?
For with fingers that were stars
She hath pushed them back with light!
Here she dances, there she goes,
Up the hill and o'er the stream,
Half a radiance, half a rose,
Sunshine sifted through a dream!

Now I mind me, all the years
She hath come and she hath gone,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Oft in smiles and oft in tears,
 Shapes of dusk and flash of dawn;
But tomorrow, as today,
 Wherefore that the wine is sweet,
She will be as new-mown hay,
 She will glide on twinkling feet!

Enter, lady, bow and sweep,
 We are young whom time called old,
And the dew we drink in sleep
 Turns the dream of dust to gold!
Bells and hammers cease their din,
 Mawls and mallets pause on high;
God has come to lift a sin—
 And a rose falls from the sky!

She will tiptoe and advance,
 While the little noises wait,
And the blush-rose hides its glance
 Till she passes Beauty's gate;
She will swerve and she will swing,
 And the lips of love will thrill
With the matins that they sing
 To Miss Morning on the hill!

I have felt this touch before;
 It was somewhere, I was what?
Morning in the gone before,
 Sunrise in the life forgot!

A LITTLE MORE CROSS

But the dew I taste, 'twas then
As it is and yet will be—
Wine of child in hearts of men,
And the morn upon the sea!

A LITTLE MORE CROSS

A LITTLE more cross and a little less creed,
A little more beauty of brotherly deed:
A little more bearing of things to be borne,
With faith in the infinite triumph of morn.
A little less doubt and a little more do
Of the simple, sweet service each day brings to view;
A little more cross, with its beautiful light,
Its lesson of love and its message of right;
A little less sword and a little more rose
To soften the struggle and lighten the blows;
A little more worship, a little more prayer,
With the balm of its incense to brighten the care;
A little more song and a little less sigh,
And a cheery good-day to the friends that go by.
A little more cross and a little more trust
In the beauty that blooms like a rose out of dust;
A little more lifting the load of another,
A little more thought for the life of a brother;
A little more dreaming, a little more laughter,
A little more childhood, and sweetness thereafter;
A little more cross and a little less hate,
With love in the lanes and a rose by the gate!

KING'S DUST

“I AM king's dust, don't kick me so!”
I tossed it careless on my toe.
A barefoot boy might thus have done
On dusty roadways in the sun,
As thoughtless as a lad that day
I heard the voice but kicked away.

“I am king's dust!” Why, over there
A thousand kings may lie. Don't care!
A thousand captains, maybe more,
Are swept each morning from the floor
Of this great room of life where we
Dance in the dust that once was glee!

“I am king's dust!” On with the dance!
He had his day, he took his chance,
He lies as low as Cæsar did,
Whose dust may now be some stone lid
For crockery. Though with putty mended,
The Roman fiddler's day is ended!

“I am child's dust!” Ah, that's more true!
My feet, indeed, turn back from you!
Child's dust, sweet dust, such dust as men—
If all were kings—might well lift up
And bow to and weep for again
In some Greek urn or sacred cup!

U N T O T H E S T A R S

U N T O T H E S T A R S

U N T O the stars, and still the stars, the stars,
Ever the caged wings beating against the bars,
Ever the hunger of body for bread of soul;
On the high steps where universes roll,
Oh, for the wished-for, starlit regions there,
From peak to peak to leap along the air;
Prospero's cloak to wake the magic gale
And summon Ariel on a courier wing;
And yet, how futile! Conquering, or to fail,
A gust of effort and a race unrun,
A light life lived along a verge of spring,
Joy of the morn and dalliance of the sun,
Crowned, uncontented, ever new fields to find,
Roses of red dawns faded, young eyes blind;
Life, with its aim of the starry and starlit way,
Dust on the lip, a shadow at end of day,
A bubble of silver broken along the wind!

Unto the stars, unto the stars and on,
Out of the night to the hills of the utmost dawn!
Oh, for the starlit regions, wished for height,
And then, but a little of lily and April light,
A little of laughter, a blown thing, eerie and wild,
Lost in the dust of valley of little child!
Oh, for the starlit regions! Roaring they go,
Seekers of golden apples, builders of bloom,
Planting their blocks of kingdoms row on row,
Breaking their bones at benches of spindle and loom,
Stepping the steps of the silver and singular dream:

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Commoner, laborer, emperor, belted earl,
Dandy and driveler, bearers of banner and beam,
Poet and painter, balladist, dancing girl,
Chieftains and shepherds and keepers of prairie herds,
Maskers and mummers, healers, and men of words:
Spun-gold people—unto the stars, the stars,
Ever the caged wings beating against the bars,
A light and a gloom, a lily, a song of lark,
Blind in the beat of the blinding and nearing light,
Out of the ocean a wind and a sudden dark,
Lips at the foot of the wall dumb in a wail of the night!

Unto the stars, ages and ages still,
Thunder of feet of the throngs at the foot of the hill;
Prophet and prelate, jester and baubled clown,
Children of hope to a piper of Hamelin town
Tripping as children have tripped in a legend old
Unto the shores where the seas of the dead unfold;
Hundred-eyed buildings, cages to lift life up,
Swarming like bees in the bloom of a honey-cup;
Oh, for the starlit regions, ribbon and thread,
Laughter winding its web in the life half dead;
Roaring stations pouring in rumbling street
Comings and goings of hordes of a million feet,
Ships like leviathan cities, lightning along a wire,
London talking to Lapland, tongued with fire,
Boston boasting to Bagdad, over the seas
Of poles invisible harnessed to catch and toss
Words of the wind on the multiple routes of the breeze,
And the wild night hung in the loop of the Southern Cross!

THE HELP UNSEEN

Unto the stars—babies hold hands and climb,
Starward moving to starlit regions of time;
Beat, white wings, at the bars of the cage of strife,
Unto the starlit regions beating to life,
Broken and baffled! But what are the legions that come
Out of the dust of valleys of ages dumb:
The broken unbroken, the baffled unbaffled, the dead
Quickened with climbing to tread with the dauntless tread
Age, with a bone-worn finger clutching and hung
Unto and over the rust of the utmost rung;
Youth, at the bottom, with blood on a golden curl,
But a rose in the lip of the dust that was lip of girl,
And a song God sings for the lips that were dead ere they sung!

THE HELP UNSEEN

THERE is no shadow, however drear,
But the silver lining is there, my dear;
There is no trouble, or grief, or care,
No hopeless burden and dark despair,
But someone's message of cheer and love
Is drifting down on the wings of dove,
And someone's gentle and helpful smile
Is warm and bright at the end of the mile!
There is no burden, however great,
No cross to carry, of sin or hate,
But under us, fainting, to lift and hold,
The unseen, beautiful clasp and fold
Of arms of comfort and cheer and grace
Reach out from the spiritual bournes of space!

BEAUTY

SHE never complains,
If it shines or it rains.
She never forgets—
In a world of regrets—
That holy all purpose is,
Sacred all will—
The dew in the valley,
The blue on the hill!

She takes with contentment,
Nor breath of resentment,
The rough and the tender,
Well-knowing the Sender
Designs in each test
The one thing that is best
For beauty that serveth
For those who behold her,
And dreaming the dream,
To their spirits enfold her.

She comes to all moments
Unchangeably true,
Above all the foments
In me or in you,
A holiness helping her serve and not sigh
When the banners go by
'Neath the bright of the sky
Or the bitter, the rain.

THE LOVELINESS WITHIN

Even down in the dust
Of the street and the plain
"I will sing!" is her cry:
"I will trust!"

THE LOVELINESS WITHIN

THERE must be loveliness within—no man can live a
life
Clean of the heart-corroding stain that blurs the deeps of
strife,
Lest there be back of strength and will, the courage and the
might,
An inner loveliness that leads to sweetness and to light.

There must be loveliness within—no artist paints a face
With tender and immortal bloom of beauty and of grace,
Unless behind the face a soul—profound and pure and sweet—
Burns in the loveliness to make the portraiture complete.

There must be loveliness within—the marble visage glows
Not with the sculptor's dream alone, but with the thoughts
that rose
Of the ennobling life and deed his subject—man or woman—
Gave to the world to help it grow more wise and sweetly
human.

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

LAUGHTER

BUBBLE on the pipes of spring,
Blown by lips of violet May;
Music on a wandering wing,
Velvet in a dream of play;
Essence of a bloom of light
Dropping by a dewy hill,
Honeyed in a summer's night
On a fairy daffodil.

Rippling of a liquid lute
Bosomed on a bending stream;
Lily, with her yellow flute
Piping in a purple dream;
Echo of a far-off vale,
Throbbing with the muse of sleep,
Caught by raptured nightingale
Lonely on a rhythmic deep.

Youth upon a trembling voice,
Beauty in a shaken mist;
Heartbeat of a dawn's rejoice,
Kissing of a maid unkist;
Patter of the feet of rose,
Tinkle of the fairy dance;
Love, with all the things she knows,
And she knoweth not, perchance.

Moment of an airy spell,
Lifting of a heavy fate;

THANKSGIVING

Poetry, from a dreamy dell,
Leading through a rosy gate;
Clapping of the hands of trees,
Opening of the lids of June;
Roaring of a thousand seas
In a shell of antic tune.

Morning of a voice of cheer,
Starlight of a sound awake;
Music on an anvil clear
Where love's silver hammers shake:
Laughter—oh, what may it be
But the sledge the lovesmith swings,
Fashioning by his silver sea
Childhood out of dewdrop wings!

THANKSGIVING

LET us give thanks at Thanksgiving
That we're singing and laughing and living;
Thankful, we say, just to live by the way
In sunlight and starlight that scatter their ray;
Thankful, indeed, for the rose and the gleam,
The smile and the song and the beautiful dream.

Let us give thanks for the glory,
The daily life's wonderful story,
The fields that we know and the hills where the glow
Of sunlight falls soft and the water brooks flow;
Thankful, sweetheart, for the joy and the bliss,
The arms 'round the neck and the love-laden kiss!

OUR HOLY TRIALS

THE holiest things in our life, I say,
Are the trials that harrow us day by day.
The holy trials, that are hard to bear—
The loss and sorrow, and grief and care,
Sent by a wiser will than ours,
Just as the wild birds are, and flowers!

Yea, they are holiest things, I cry,
To teach us sweetness of living by;
And truth and honor and patient trust,
And sweet content in the blinding dust
Or sunny cool of the morn that lies
Dewy and bright in the sunlit skies.

Trials of suffering, trials of loss,
The burden of bearing a bitter cross—
Holiest ornaments, these, of life;
Tenderest symbols of lofty strife;
Trials to worship, not blame and curse
With a discontent that makes them worse.

Holy trials are these trials of ours—
Weeds that mingle among the flowers
To help us open impartial eyes,
In deepening vision to realize
How sweet the blooms that we might not see
Were it not for the trials 'neath which they grow,
Till, braving the battle of life, we go
To lift the shadows and set them free!

THE UNSATISFIED

A WAILING out of Askelon, a cry from Babylon—
“Oh, wherefore should we suffer thus for that which we
have done!”

An echo from the buried dust of Rome and Greece and Tyre—
“We are forespent who gave our oil and burned our altar
fire!”

A moaning where the temples rise, and out of Nineveh
The discontent of nations lifts its voice against the sea:

But over all the wailing wind
From throats that parch for wine,
Three crosses on a lonely hill
All in the starlight shine!

With Dives crying in the gate and Lazarus at the door;
With wealth because it is oppressed and want because 'tis
poor,

Oh, hear the voice of Babylon, the cry from tomb and fane
Of what they lack and what they want and what they feel
of pain—

Unsatisfied, unsatisfied, unhappy, Lord, are those
Who tremble when it rains the rain or when it rains the rose:

But over all the echoing cry
Of Tyre and Nineveh,
A bleeding side, a crown of thorns—
Lama sabachthani!

Oh, weary world, what more to ask, what thirst ye cannot
slake,

What pity in the voice ye lift, the wailing cry ye make?

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

For if ye suffer and ye bleed, or if I—being one
Who walks uncovered to the wind, unsheltered to the sun—
What have we borne, what have we known of all dark loss
and hate
Who build our marts against the sky, our temples in the gate?
For over all our paltry ache,
Our wailing and our moan,
A woman at his bleeding feet
On Calvary's mount alone!

Thus, when from Babylon ye call, and out of Rome ye cry,
And when in Tyre and Nineveh ye lift your hands on high,
Why should not Time stand still and laugh, and many smile
who know
That blood-red chronicle of grief, that high, sweet soul of
woe,
That perfect patience and content, that cross supremely
borne;
That wounded side and pierc-ed brow and bleeding hands
and torn?
Why should not Pity turn her face
And Sorrow scorn your prayer,
All in the sight of that dark night
He made atonement there!

Peace, little love crouched by my side! Peace in our hour
of gloom!
We who have little have so much! White roses are in bloom
Beside the road to Babylon and on the way to Tyre,
And Nineveh is not all lust and Troy not all desire!

WILL-O'-THE-WISP

All, all the way a wailing comes from Dives at the gate,
And Lazarus beside the door at Mammon hurling hate:

But over all the wailing word
Of throats that parch for wine,
Three crosses on a lonely hill
All in the starlight shine!

WILL-O'-THE-WISP

IT was a globe, it was a gleam,
It was a shadow on the stream;
It was a light, it was a ray,
It was a goblin dressed in gray:
But where it went or how it flew,
I could not answer that: Could you?

It might have been a little gnome
With lighted candle wandering home;
It might have been a glowworm hid
The lazy lily leaves amid:
But now I think, whate'er befall,
It wasn't anything at all!

It might have been a firefly sent
To light some elfin sacrament;
For, oh, such priestly calm befell
The quiet beauty of the dell,
It seemed a childhood soul went out
To see the night and walk about!

THE WAYFARER

NOW I have come to a little green way
And I set down my pack in the twilight gray;
Now I have come to a silver-bright stream,
And I lie on the moss by its brink for a dream!

Oh, dream that I dream by the little green way,
As I set down my pack by the twilight so gray;
Dream that I dream by the little green shore,
Oh, dear, how it seems like old lives lived before!

So, I wake and I wander again on my road,
With my pack on my back and each day a fresh load;
And I wonder and wonder some day when I lie,
With the shadows above and no light in my eye;

So, I wake and I wonder what dreaming will be
When I lie, little heart, in the silence with thee;
And I hope and I trust it will be, it will seem
Like a life unto life and a dream unto dream!

THE YOUNG AND THE OLD

THE oldest man I ever knew
Was a little lad whom Fate
Had marked with care when life was new
And he was half-past eight!

The youngest man I ever saw
Was a wrinkled chap and eld
Who in his heart that lad's lost youth
Like a white rosebud held!

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

NOT to be lifted too high
By the hopes that are bright and fair;
Not to be cast too far
By the shadows of life's despair;
Not to be made too glad
With the wonderful wild dream winging;
Not to be made too sad
With the bells for the dead dreams ringing!

Not to be made too sure
Of the triumph beyond the fight;
Not to count all life lost
Because of a little night;
Not to expect too much
Of the infinite struggle and strife;
Not to be too much hurt
By the infinite wounding of life!

Not to be lifted up
More than is proper or wise;
Not to feel doom or defeat
In the little drawbacks that arise;
Daily a measure of cheer,
The lilting of laughter and song,
With wisdom of faith and of fear
To suffer and still be strong!

LITTLE APPLES

THE Lord made little apples,
And He made them one and all
To fulfill a special purpose
And to meet some urgent call;
They are not always perfect,
And they're knotty as can be—
Just like some little people
That are known to you and me.

The Lord knew little apples
Would be scoffed at and forlorn,
And so He gave them patience
And a hardness unto scorn;
And He made them extra sturdy,
And as sweet as they could be—
Just like some little people
That are known to you and me.

Often thus, the little apples
Keep the longest, last the best,
When the populace has eaten
And forgotten all the rest;
And we like them all the better
Just for being what they be—
As we like some little people
That are known to you and me.

THE SAMARITAN

WHEN THE LAST DREAM DIES

WHEN the last dream dies, then let me go;
When the last bloom fades, then lay me low;
When the last child sings on the stairs of light,
Good-by, proud world, and a last good-night!

When the last dream dies, then let me sleep,
Where the green grass grows and the daisies creep;
When the last sweet laughter of childhood rings,
Ah, carry me, Death on thy wide gray wings!

When the last dream dies, dies the last hope, too,
And the last bright flash of youth and dew,
And the last desire of the mortal will
As the heart-beat stops in a world grown still!

THE SAMARITAN

GOD'S hand under the heart that sinks,
God's wing over the head that droops—
He shall not fail, if he will, who drinks
Of the waterbrooks where the white rose stoops!
He shall not falter whose cross is borne
For lips of love and the kiss they bring,
Whose toil is joy and whose faith is morn,
Whose hope is a rare, wild bird of spring!
He shall not perish, he shall not fall
Who goes on doing the best he can—
With God's grace under and over all—
To dream and dare for the good of man!

THE LITTLE BLOOM-STREET

I CAME along down by the little bloom-street,
A-dreaming a dream by the way that was sweet;
I came along down by the little green lane,
With a tune in my heart of my youth come again!

I came along down by the way I had known
In the days that are dust and the years that have flown;
And everything seemed as it used to be, sweet,
In the little green lane and the little bloom-street!

I came along down, and the maples were there,
And my heart was as light as a leaf on the air,
For I knew the old way and I knew the old place,
And each friend that I met wore a smile on his face!

Ah, happy and happy, and happy the day
That I came along down by the little green way,
For the song in my heart brought me back the old gleam,
And the joy of my youth bloomed again in the dream!

IDEALS

LIFE must have its ideals; what would it be without?
Merely the tradesmen's tumult, merely the myriad's
shout;

Down in the daily struggle, down in the storm and stress,
Cometh the wings of dreaming, lifting us out of the less,
Lifting us out of the minor unto the major chord,
Blaze of the awful banners, light of the sword!

MOTHERHOOD

Life must have its ideals; what would it be to go
Daily upon the darkling, limitless round of woe?
Ever without the lifting thought and hope and bloom
Of higher and beautiful purpose changing the ancient gloom
Into auroral splendors, widening our scope of thought,
Ever upon the forges beauty by beauty wrought!

Life must have its ideals, else it were dreary indeed,
Dust in an ancient service, motes in a mindless creed,
Beating our wings as bats do ever against the wall
Till in the utter darkness unto the dark they fall;
Fairy the light, sweet fancy; noble, indeed, the gleam,
Lighting the life around us on to the higher dream!

MOTHERHOOD

TO wait till every child comes home,
With patience by the hearth to keep
Watch for the little hearts that roam
Back to her breast that gave them sleep.

To journey every day their way
In dreaming and in thoughts of love,
Shining unseen amid their play,
Bending on unseen wings above.

To mend them and to make them whole,
To heal them and to make them strong;
Then, at the last, O lonesome soul,
Gone, and no listener to her song!

THE LANES OF LAUGHTER

I WISH to go down in the lanes of life's laughter,
To sing the sweet songs that are here and hereafter;
I dream of an April, I long for a May
Before the old fashion of joy passed away,
A green lane of life in the valleys of sun
Where the very first fancies of life have begun;
The lanes of life's laughter—ah, lead me to life
In the vales of the sun from the cities of strife!

I wish for the fairies, and wishing is sweet—
For the fairies of life in the apple-bloom street.
Ho! for the dancing, the music, the gleam,
The dream of love's dreaming in valleys of dream;
Beneath the green oak and the wide-spreading beech,
With song on the lips and with love in our reach:
The lanes of life's laughter—sometimes they are far,
Beyond the blue hills and beyond the green star!

I wish for the days of the bloom of bright wings
In the groves of sweet life where the nightingale sings;
The plashing of waters along a wild shore,
And the little child-hearted adventures of yore;
The violet-fresh fancies that lifted us high
To the deeds that we'd do and the deaths we would die:
The lanes of life's laughter, its mystical trees,
Its silver, its sobbing, its world-circling seas!

I wish to go down to the fragrant, green places
Of phantom and shadow and bloom-girted graces;
The tinkling of bells where the cattle cross over,

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

The vales of the vine and the meads of the clover;
The hills of the sheep, where the keeper of sheep
Is little Endymion white with pale sleep:
The lanes of life's laughter—ah, let us go down
To the calm of their heart from the thunder of Town.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

MY Father's heart is like a rose
That in the balmy April blows,
As tender as a velvet flower
Between two dawns of sun and shower.

My Father's smile is like a gleam
Of golden vapor in a dream,
A ray that falls around my feet
To light the road with bloom and sweet.

My Father's song is good to hear
As any brook that ripples clear,
Or marvel of the wildwood note
That raptures from the redbreast's throat.

My Father's hand is held to me
From out the cloud, across the sea,
As tender as a velvet bloom
Of love to lead me through the gloom!

My Father's house is wide and long
As love's farewell on lips of song,
And there He bids me come and keep
The feast of life, the fast of sleep!

BLACK SHEEP

BLACK sheep, black sheep, lost and gone astray,
Wrecked upon the shallows in the glory of his way;
Black sheep, black sheep—turn and let him go,
Stranded in the alleys with the creatures none would know!

Black sheep, black sheep, adrift upon the main,
Battered by the billows and engulfed by every rain;
Drifting to destruction with the serpents in his hair,
And his heart a burning prison of the fever of despair!

Black sheep, black sheep, wandered from the fold
Of mother arms that held him in the days of hair of gold—
Mother arms are waiting, be ye blacker than the night,
To lead ye with their loving to the valleys of the light!

Black sheep, black sheep, in a world of hate
Buffeted and baffled by the bitter waves of fate;
Dreaming of her lost child, yearning late and long,
A mother's lips are murmuring his name in her song!

CONFIRMATION

A BLADE of grass or a stalk of mullein,
And where are your skeptics then?
A grain of sand or a wave of ocean,
And the scoffers flee again.
A butterfly's wing and a drop of water,
A maple leaf and the cone
From a roadside pine confirm man's wonder
In the things that are God's alone.

BLINDNESS

MORNING

HERE to begin again, to start all over and swing
Into the circle of do and dare fresh as a robin in spring!
Yesterday dead, with its night, shallow and deep of its tears,
Only a burden laid off in the burial mound of the years!

Here to begin again, with morning upon the hill;
Here, from a little sleep, to leap with a new-born thrill
Of hope and glory and song and venture and heart and dream
Into the splash of the seas of dust laved in the dew and gleam!

Here to begin again, night and the past a blur—
Only the hills, with their bugle call and myriad wings astir!
Oh, to begin, begin! Give me your hand, and cling!
Morning and youth and hope, my dear; love, and the bloom
o' spring!

BLINDNESS

WE are blind who go with sight
Seeing only gloom and night;
We are blind who look and say:
"What an ugly world today!"
We are blind, with all our eyes,
Who forget that beauty lies
Radiant in its veil of gloom
Waiting for the touch of bloom
That he brings, who with his heart
Tears the chrysalis apart!

ULTIMA THULE

THE nectar-sipping gods have gone,
The breasts they drained are dust,
And Egypt in her desert sand
Unto the thighs is thrust;
Apollo is a golden mist
And Helen's lips a dream,
But oh, that morning of the earth
Is still with dew a-gleam!

The thunder of the charging steeds
Before the walls of Troy
Has died upon the wind of time,
But Love is still a boy;
The temples of the sun are deep
Beneath the crust of Rome;
But ah, that April of the heart
When Argus sailed the foam!

Imperial Antioch is lost,
'Tis ashen Carthage now,
And death is on Gomorrah's lips
And dust on Sodom's brow;
The eagle of Apulia soars
The mists of Charon's sea,
But oh, that bloom of Babylon,
That breath of Attic glee!

In death or dust, and over them
Olympus rises still,

EVERYDAYNESS

And he who runs may hear the rune
Of Pan-pipes on the hill;
For that was life and that was youth,
And all that love divines,
Which still along those roseate deeps
In dewy daylight shines!

EVERYDAYNESS

TRYING one's best to be patient with life,
Bearing the burden and facing the strife;
Trusting and hoping, and off with a song,
A mite 'mid the many, a mote in the throng—
Life with its everydayness, dear,
Isn't it terrible, isn't it queer!

Over and over the same old thing,
Bloom and berry and bird a-wing;
Love's good-by at the gate, and then
The arms that welcome us home again—
Life with its everydayness, sweet,
Isn't it lovely, and hard to beat!

Loss and sorrow and toil and rest,
Dreams of love on a sweetheart breast;
Nursing, rearing, the fight, the foam,
The lifelong building to build a home—
Oh, for the everydayness, love,
With God and the blue sky up above!

MOTHER'S DAY

WEAR the white rose of the day
For the mothers old and gray,
For the mothers young and sweet—
Strew the violets at the feet
Of the mothers, every one,
Who have made the world a place
Where the days in beauty run
And the years are full of grace.

A carnation white as snow,
Wear its blossoms where you go
On this day that's set apart
For the centering of the heart
On the mothers; wear the gleam
Of a manhood free from guile
That her life may walk in dream
Through the country of sweet smile.

Oh the mothers! Weave for them
Bloomy crown and diadem.
Bind the chaplet o'er them now,
Kiss in love the wrinkled brow!
Golden mothers of the land,
Strew the rose and lift the song
For the truth that in their hand
Keeps its finger on the throng.

Every day a day of thought
For the good that they have wrought—

EACH IN HIS PLACE

Mothers young and mothers old,
Half the truth has not been told,
 But we know them every year
Better for the good they do—
 Let the white rose hide the tear;
Holy mothers, love to you!

EACH IN HIS PLACE

EACH in his place, whatever it may be—
 Servants to serve and kings to set men free;
Some for the heights, the bloom on peaks of bloom;
Some for the vales where no ray breaks the gloom;
Whether the humble, or the proud and blest,
Each in his place, to strive and do his best!

Each in his place—the bootblack's humble lot
Gains oftentimes the proud lip's scorn, but not
That of the wise whose inmost sense declares
Even the bootblack in life's purpose shares,
And being the very best bootblack in the land
Is worth the aim, the heroic aim and grand.

Each in his place, however small; be true,
Doing with zeal the thing there is to do,
Sure that no effort's ever lost to light
That for its law has fundamental right;
Be it the king's task, or the clown that sings,
Or the meek dreamer poised on waxen wings.

THE PURPOSE FINE

A MID our light a sudden gloom—
But don't despair!
Mid all the blight of joy and bloom
Some purpose there
Still keeps its swift and keen defense
Of all our good
That we may cry dim ages hence
We understood!

At height of all we toiled for, dark,
But don't give up!
Our Ararats still have their Ark
The sea's bright cup
Shall bear unto the morning shore
Of peace and rest—
Some dove bears olive to the door
Of every breast!

The triumph, then perhaps the loss—
But don't repine!
Behind the burden and the cross
The purpose fine!
The riven flesh and then the tomb,
But ever nigh
Our deep Gethsemanes of gloom
The morning sky!

Through all life ever lived on earth,
This purpose runs—

GLOWWORM SHINING IN THE GRASS

The shadows mingling with the mirth,
The clouds with suns,
So, weakling though the spirit be,
Look up, keep sweet,
Tomorrow even we may see
His naked feet!

GLOWWORM SHINING IN THE GRASS

GLOWWORM shining in the grass,
Close where mortal feet must pass,
Vital part of nature's scheme,
On nothing and with naught, to gleam;
Yet, divinely through you glow
Vast purposes we may not know.

Being of humble service there,
Sparkle of some primordial glare;
Under some footstep—God forbid—
Crushed and forever after hid,
Still must the consciousness to you
Of doing all you could be due.

Make me, O Father, in my trust,
As a mere glowworm in the dust,
That with its patience and its sweet
I may my lamp for passing feet
Hold as my duty of the night
To give them my all, if all be light!

FATE

TO never get your deserts, and never come into your own;
To blow the bubbles and see the last of them broken
and flown;

To struggle and strive and hope, and summing it all at the
end,

Count only a mountain of loss, feel sure of not even a friend.

To never get all you are worth and still make your worth
the more;

To go on patient and sweet in defeat as you went before;
To see less able than you go upward and win success
Through luck, while your own luck turns, though your value
be none the less.

To part with most all you held dear, to watch e'en the roses
fade

From the cheeks that were sweet by your side when you first
fell in love with a maid;

To never have failed in a trust but always to fail in reward;
To be trampled down deep in the dust, yet still keep your
faith in the Lord.

I tell you, if fate is this, and you answer it manly and true,
There's some time a dawn in the east that will rise over
doubt for you.

And the less you have won out of life for the more you have
served and been sweet

Will that dawn bring the gift of the bloom of the roses of
life to your feet.

IN THE NIGHT

UNANSWERED

WHAT makes the little cricket sing
All day along the lane?
Has it no sorrow and no grief,
No trouble and no pain?
What makes the common world content
With what the Master gives?
What makes the insect pour its song
In joy because it lives?
Ah, if my heart could answer that
I'd know, while ages fly,
Not only how to live, my dear,
But also how to die!

IN THE NIGHT

WE could not hear a single sound,
No footstep seemed to touch the ground.
All silent through the night the breeze
Swayed not the branches of the trees.
So quiet were the very stars,
So soft the ripples on the bars,
That far and wide in all the land
No sound was heard on any hand,
And yet when morning broke, we heard
The trumpet of a sudden bird,
And Nature cried in accents clear:
"Why, bless my heart, the spring is here!"

THE SHEPHERD IS UPON THE HILLS

THE shepherd is upon the hills,
And with a song of gold
He plays upon the oaten pipes
That charmed his flocks of old;
In simple garb of homespun weave,
And brown locks blowing free,
He guards the gates of dew and dawn
And sings beside the sea!

Oh, yesterday I heard his voice
And heard his golden lay,
As on the sweet, archaic pipes
He paused awhile to play:
Perhaps Endymion to the moon,
Or Orpheus to his dear—
The song that made Diana swoon
And Love lean down to hear!

Beside my window o'er the street
I saw the vision pass
Across the green, delightful hills
And o'er the cool, green grass;
The oaten pipe, the listening flock,
And yonder through the tree
The cloven earth where in her bloom
Emerged Eurydice!

Now, I am neighbor to the desk
And bondman to the task;
Nor aught of life but leave to toil
And joy to live I ask;

THE ORGAN MONKEY

But, oh, the shepherd's on the hills,
And I can hear him play,
And it is very hard, you know,
To dream of it and stay!

To dream of it—to see afar
That figure on the hills,
The weaning lambs that gambol by,
The nereids in the rills;
The quiet world, the green retreat,
The oaten pipe—and then,
A dreamer in the city's heat
Nailed on the cross of men!

THE ORGAN MONKEY

WITH nimble antic, odd grimace,
The monkey in the market place
Moves on before the organ's sound,
Passing his panniken around.
Over his masters legs and up
He climbs to empty out his cup,
The while the motley audience smirks
At the insensate thought that works
In brain so small to ape the man
So far as such a creature can!
"Quite human," round the whisper drifts,
And monkey from his perch uplifts
His eyes to gaze across the frond
Of curious faces, to respond,
With easy challenge, that, at least,
Man sometimes acts much like a beast!

LAY HIM ASIDE

LAY him aside, he is getting too old;
Faithful and trusty and sound as gold,
He has served long years, and we know his worth,
But the young are crowding him off the earth;
Over his head with a leap they go—
Lay him aside; he is most too slow!

Lay him aside; he has served his day,
And he's earned far more than his meagre pay;
But others are pushing their way ahead,
And he's had his turn, and his chance has fled;
Lay him aside, while the young go up
With lips to the brim of the victor's cup!

Lay him aside; he has saved us much,
And earned us more, and his heart's in touch
With every interest of ours; he'd give
His life and all to see us live:
But the young press on for the highest place,
So lay him aside; he has lost the race!

Lay him aside; he is true as steel,
And his help is earnest and fine and real;
But he's getting old, and the young hearts burn,
And they steal his chance, and they block his turn;
Lay him aside; Don't mind his tears,
Nor the life he has spent for us all these years!

OVER AND OVER

TODAY

IT means so much, this little day, this now,
Wreathed with the wreath of victory on its brow;
Crushed with the cross of crimson, or the stain
Of fruitless battles fought in vain, in vain!

It means so much, this clustered bloom of time:
Noble achievement, music, magic rhyme,
Sorrow, defeat, despair and endless gloom,
Or shall it be the beauty of bright bloom?

It means so much, it is so much, to make
Or mar our destiny. To build or shake
Our towering temples aimed toward the sun—
So much, so much can in a day be done!

OVER AND OVER

OVER and over and over, life is a day after day;
Sweeping and dusting and cleaning, taking the heart
out to play;
Sewing and mending and patching, round in a ring life goes,
Till twilight comes with the lily and love leans down with
a rose.

Over and over and over, the battle, the bloom, the song,
The infinite lesson of patience, the toiling and being strong;
The bubble of hope far gleaming, the light and the lure, and
then—
The sewing and mending and patching, the sweeping and
dusting again!

WE MISS THEM SO

WE miss them so,
The ones that go—
Try as we may
Through grief to say:
“Ah, well, 'tis best,
He's now at rest!”
The voice comes broken,
And when we choke
The tears back in the throat, behold,
The heart brims over, many fold!

We miss them so,
The loved who go!
And when we try
Just not to cry;
To bravely tread
Our way alone,
The loved ones dead,
The sweet ones flown,
Rise in the memory and we say:
“Oh, Father, bring them back today!”

We miss them so,
The loved that go!
Each place they sat,
Some cloak, some hat,
Some cup, some trinket, favorite chair—
Day after day we see them there,
Or think we do, and think we hear

TRAVELING HOME

Loved voices falling soft and clear:
How can we help it, then but weep
O'er the dear dust of those who sleep!

TRAVELING HOME

I SAW them come over the water, I saw them go down
through the land,
Some lonely on feet that were weary; some smiling, with
hand clasped in hand;
And where are they going? I questioned; Oh, what do they
see where they roam,
That their eyes seem to dwell on a vision? "Home, home—
they are traveling home!"

I saw them come out of the cities, I saw them go over the
hill;
I saw little children, old people, swart sons of the forge and
the mill;
The young with the feet of light dancing; the old with a
yearning for rest,
"They are traveling home," said the shadow, "to lie down on
the dear mother-breast!"

I saw them in shadow and sunshine, I saw them at dawn and
at night
Go on, and go on, and go over the road to the lilt of delight;
Diviner than anything human the glow on their faces who
roam:
"They are traveling home," cried the shadow; "home,
home—they are traveling home!"

THE CITY BIRDS

MY little friends upon the ledge,
Far flown from country lane and hedge,
Storm-wanderers on the strange wind-sea,
With little bills peeked up at me:

Hail, beautiful, and frail, and sweet
Crumb-seekers in the city street!
Through icy blast and whirling snow
From sill to sill in song they go.

Blithe feathered signposts of that love
Which watches from the blue above
To guard and guide and safely bring
Through storm and stress each tender thing:

Oh, little friends, I, too, am there
Upon the ledge, beneath His care;
And, with you, through the storm, I find
He has been very good and kind!

OF THE DUST

I DENY not any dust,
Since the dead are in its trust!
That the wind blows unto me
May be ideality
Of a loved face lost to time,
Or a lip that rang with rhyme!
Why, the ground beneath our feet
May have been a vision sweet,

THE LADDER

Dancing, with her red cheeks ripe,
To some perished minstrel's pipe!
E'en this handful in the door
May have been a troubadour,
Serenading moon and star
With his silver-stringed guitar:
Yea, this very grain that flies
From the pathway to my eyes,
Might have been a giant who fell
In some paleolithic dell,
Or a soldier, in the flash
Of the battle's cannon-crash!
Tender touch and tender tread
Dust that may be from the dead
Lips of little babes that fleet
In the whirlwind round your feet!

THE LADDER

THE rungs by which we climb are rough,
The ladder tops beyond the stars;
We sometimes cry: "Enough! enough!"
We know we'll never cross the bars.
Yet, suddenly, upon the heart,
Some deeper aching than our own
Seems for a moment from some sphere
Of other trial to our trial flown.
And then with perfecting of trust
In ultimate and golden ends,
We take the rough rungs in our hands
And lean to lift some weaker friends.

ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY

MANY a man on the main highway
That you watch with envy and hail with cheers
Would very much rather, a child at play,
Be back in the path of the yesteryears—
The little green path where the clover nods
And the old worm fences wind and twist,
And the sumach bends on its slender rods
And the sea of the spring is an amethyst.

Many a man whom you see go by
On the gilded road of a wide renown
Would rather be back 'neath a soft spring sky
In the tender dream of a childhood town;
Would rather be following, barefoot still,
The little green path to the swimming hole,
And the bloomy lane to the old sawmill,
With the lilt of the morn in his heart and soul.

Many a man whom you watch go up
The golden stairs of the hall of fame,
Draining the gilded and sparkling cup,
Would rather be out where the lilacs flame,
Would rather be down at the old home place,
Down in the path of the rose and dew,
Driving the cows, with a sunburned face,
And an April light in his eyes of blue.

The main highway is a gilded lure,
And the street of fortune and fame is fine;
But many a heart aches there, for sure,
For the little green path to the tangled vine;

A WHISTLE IN THE DARK

For the little green pathway over the lea,
And the brook and the meadow, the hill and stream,
And the far white sails on a silver sea,
In the old sweet places of childhood dream!

A WHISTLE IN THE DARK

THERE'S a whistle in the dark, and I know the lips that
call

Are the lips of little fellow walking where the shadows
crawl,

Just to keep his courage up and to fill his heart with cheer
'Gainst the dark that drifts around him and the whispering
things of fear!

There's a whistle in the dark sounding sweetly down the dale,
And a little fellow sounds it, and I know his cheeks are pale,
And he whistles in the shadows down the roadway of the
night

Just to keep a braver spirit till his pathway winds to light!

There's a whistle in the dark where a negro strays, no doubt,
By a graveyard where the ghosts lift a voice in hollow shout;
And a strength is in the song, and a power is in the lay
To cure the utter loneliness and chase the dread away!

Let us whistle in the dark—oh, along the vales of night
Let us fill the heart with hope of the coming of the light,
Till the ghosts of care shall flee and the phantoms say good-
by,

And we walk upon the rose and the sun is in the sky!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

THE LOVING LABORER

DOWN to sowing and to gleaning, back to resting and to sleep;
Back to comfort and beguiling when the dusky shadows creep;
Down to toiling and to trusting—then the little lanes at night,
With the lips that lean for loving with their crimson bloom a-light;
Song and laughter, dance and story, quiet hands and folded eyes,
And the Loving Laborer watching all the night within His skies!
Down to planting and to reaping, down to conquest and to crown,
Then the little lovelights leading to the cot in lane and town;
Rest and revel, romp and rapture—then a sleep, with heart-ache gone,
While He toils that we may waken in His miracle of dawn!

GOD'S LAUGHTER

SOMETIMES when in the sunshine I walk the city street,
Down by the road of faces and the thunder of swift feet,
I think I hear the sunshine as well as feel its ray—
The sunshine is God's laughter, and it rings along my way!
Sometimes when in the glory of the bright beams of the morn
I find some little corner where the wayside blooms are born,

OLD DOCTOR CHEERFULNESS

Around me and above me—in the trees and in the air—
I hear the ringing laughter of God's sunshine gleaming there!

Sometimes when in the sweetness of the lane that leads me
home

I look across the verges of the crimson sunset dome,
I'm sure I hear a whisper winging o'er the meadow-mile
Of heav'nly love made audible in God's sweet evening smile!

OLD DOCTOR CHEERFULNESS

TWENTY drops of sunshine, mix 'em all together,
Take 'em with a mile or more of bright fresh weather;
Twenty drops of smiling heart, laughter ringing out—
Soon we'll have you well enough to up and be about!

Half a mile of exercise on the bloomy highway,
With a little sparkling eye lifted to the skyway;
Forty grains of atmosphere, with a bird song in it—
Why, you're convalescing, lad; better, every minute!

Dozen kindly deeds a day, helping some one's trouble
Break and blow a mile away like an airy bubble;
Good! you're getting on so fine soon be time to leave you
To the lips o' love-of-life waiting to receive you!

Morning glory plaster, plain, on your rheumatism;
Little glimpse of morning gold through love's azure prism—
Why, you're growing young again! Say, you're well all over!
All you need's a buttercup and a field of clover!

SWEETHEART LAYS

SWEETHEART

SWEETHEART, I am coming where you sing beneath
the rose

In Arcady, the beautiful, the fair;
The lights are out in Athens and the play has reached its
close,

The wine is very bitter flowing there!
Sweetheart, I am coming, from the battle and the blight
To Arcady, the quiet and the sweet;
The temples are abhorrent and the city moans at night,
And hearts are burned to cinders in its heat!

Sweetheart, I am coming to the valleys of our rest
In Arcady, the garden of the gleam;
The stones are sharp in Athens and the arrows pierce the
breast,

And fame is but a shadow in a dream!
Sweetheart, I am coming to the sunshine of your face,
The song of heart's delight and heart's refrain,
The simple, quiet spirit of the wayside charm and grace,
With love within a cottage in the lane!

Sweetheart, I have listened to the siren voice full long,
The false, the fickle music of the crowd;
The trumpets die in echo and the hills forget their song,
And Athens is so busy being proud!

Sweetheart, I am weary of the hollow, insincere,
Selfish and self-seeking heart of man;
I'm coming back to Arcady, to Arcady the dear,
Beside the reedy river and the perished pipes of Pan!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Sweetheart, I am coming where you sit with tender trust
In Arcady, the bloomy and the bright,
To purge my heart of vanity and cleanse my soul of dust
And leave the lurid Athens to its night!
Sweetheart, I am coming where you wait and are content,
To seek the dewy fountains of the dawn,
And change this garb of conquest for the white habiliment
That they who go to Arcady put on!

Sweetheart, it won't matter to the temples or the town,
And Athens will go onward just the same
When I go forth to greet you where the roses flutter down
Beyond the bitter, burning brand of flame:
But, ah, the all-revealing, unconcealing sweet of it
In Arcady together, in the gleam,
Beside the quiet porches in our youth—returned to sit,
Blow the bubble, build the castle, dream the dream!

WITHIN OUR WORLD

WHETHER there's a finer world—this has got to do!
Whether there's a sweeter sky—ours is very blue!
Whether there's a better life—let us trust and wait,
Love is in the lanes of rest, at the sweetheart gate!

Whether there's a lighter toil—ours is at His will!
Whether there's a brighter land—this is ours to till!
Whether there's a kindlier age—here's our time and place,
Love within the porch of dreams with her light, her grace!

THE MAGIC FINGER

THE MAGIC FINGER

THERE'S something in the way it lays its touch upon
your head

That shadows fly away and song and smile are there, instead.
Some touch, and touch, and touch, and touch, and touch, and
touch all day,

But nothing seems to yield before the touch and fly away;
While others come with gentle love and sympathy and cheer
And quick as in a magic change the shadows disappear!

It takes the magic finger, then, with magic touch and spell,
To heal the aching heart and help the sickly world grow well.
Some have it, and the moment they come in the room you feel
The presence of a spiritual grace through all your being steal;
Some have it, and without one word, but by some mark of
grace,

They bring the laughter to your eyes, the sunshine to your
face.

Oh, magic finger, gentle touch of balm on lips that burn,
Love lays you on an aching heart and hearts no longer yearn;
Love lays you on a beating head and pain and fever-heat
Turn to an autumn afternoon in meadows cool and sweet;
The burden that made all the way seem midnight dark with
gloom

You touch, and every path beneath our feet is filled with
bloom!

LOVE'S ENCHANTMENT

SHE is lilac by the door,
She is rose beside the gate;
She is lily in the lane
Where the lips of laughter wait;
At her touch the common day
And the common toil are sweet
And she turns to bloom o' May
Dreary alley, roaring street!

Why, a very little hill,
And a very little brook,
Change unto a mountain, still,
In a wood of Aristook;
Change unto a sea that lies
In the autumn twilight there,
Like a turquoise from the skies
Where the gray dunes rise and flare!

She hath caught the morning dull
And her lips have brought the sun,
In a dream-dance beautiful
Of a crystal dew-web spun;
She hath found the day a care
And the tasks of day a pain,
And her touch hath fallen there,
Like a peace come back again!

From a cottage window sill,
From a step beside the road,
She hath sent me forth a king
In whose heart a dream abode;

LOVE'S ENCHANTMENT

She hath brought me in the night
To a hut by magic made
Of her laughter and her light
Like a green room in a glade!

She hath given me a sword
Of Excalabar of old;
She hath changed my pewter mug
To a tankard of bright gold;
With her song to say good-by,
With her smile to say come home,
She is bloom of April sky
By a shore of silver foam!

She hath laughed within the hall,
She hath whispered o'er the sill,
And the shadows, one and all,
They have vanished, grief stood still;
I am weary, I am worn,
I have toiled till even-light,
But she brings the lilac morn
On her lips of fairy night!

She hath hung a trellised vine
At the gates of early dew;
She hath filled my throat with wine
Of the spell of heart-be-true;
On mine eyes her Oberon hand
Hath distilled me nothing less
Than that juice from honeyland
Of the love-in-idleness!

THE GOLDEN HOUSE

LOVE built a little house in the corner of the wood
Where hearts could eat of light of the morning for their
food;

They had the fairy money with which to buy the dream,
And every beggar at the door received a bowl of gleam.

It was not built of beryl nor of the onyx stone,
This little house that love had built all in the wood alone;
But of the native pine and the birches and the beech,
And everywhere she went there were berries in her reach.

It sat along the road where it caught the morning sun,
And in and out its door little creatures came to run,
And birds built in the corners where the eaves were mossy
deep

And sang the silver twilight to the fairy dells of sleep.

It wasn't very large and it wasn't very small,
This little house beside the road that love had built for all;
And kings came by and paupers and the holy men of zeal,
And lordly dames and harlots and the shysters and the real.

The corner of the wood that love built it in was, oh,
A part of Eden garden in the days of long ago!
And so, in all the years it has stood there in the light—
To see the passing pageant was a merry, merry sight.

And thus the little path that they started to its door
Who were the very first to discover it of yore
Is now a mighty highway where the universe has trod
The bloody thorns of battle and of beauty up to God.

THE BUILDING OF THE WORLD

THE BUILDING OF THE WORLD

LEAN the hill upon the mountain and the vale upon the
hill,

Cleave the rock and dig the channel for the waters of the rill;
Plant the tree and sow the meadow with the blooms of eyes'
delight,

Hang the sun upon the morning and the stars upon the night;
Pour the waters of the ocean round the verges of the spheres,
Loose the thunder and the lightning, set the clouds and rain
the tears!

Cool the far, internal furnace of the molten globe with dew,
Fix the heavens with their arches deep and beautifully blue;
Loose the moon and nether planets in the orbits of the dark
And the poles upon the center of the zodiacal arc;
Bring the mollusk from the atom, till the ages, rung by rung,
Climb the valleys of creation till the perfect world be swung!

Then bring summer on the south wind and the spring upon
the breeze,

With a rose of April weather pouring down the rolling seas;
Herd the lion with the leopard and the eagle with the lamb,
Clothe the rock with bloomy verdure and the morning tides
with calm;

Charge with crystal all the fountains—till the land, the sky,
the streams

Roll in grooves of settled order in creation's dream of dreams!

Still imperfect? Still unfinished? Yea, the Builder saw
the flaw,

Then the gardens of wide wonder and the deserts of wide awe

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Shook with sudden, strange pulsation as a wondrous music
 woke

And the air upon the billows in a thousand balsams broke,
And the day and night divided as descended from above,
Winged with white, the slender-footed, rose-encircled spirit—
 Love!

Roads from roads in lanes divided, cities clustered street by
 street,

Hammers swung and anvils sounded, forges flamed and
 sledges beat;

Hearts responded, husbands labored, whistles sounded, day
 was done,

Down the pathways thousands hastened till the gates of rose
 were won!

Crowned and chapleted with beauty—world-created, land
 and foam,

It is finished, sang the Builder, with the building of the Home!

MY LOVE, THERE IS NO LOVE GROWS OLD

MY love, there is no love grows old;
 A thousand years from now
They'll find still lit the living gold
 On Eros' burning brow.
That which is ancient as the days,
 So long since it was born,

MY LOVE, THERE IS NO LOVE GROWS OLD

Shines through the spirit with the rays
Of deathless dreams of morn.

Though Helen's dust is with its kin
'Neath many a fallen tower.
The glances of her eyes are in
The velvet of the flower.
Though Priam's arm is like a tree
That withers in the blast,
His tale of love still sets us free
From doubts that hold us fast.

As old as Cheops, and as young
As yesterday it seems—
This love that is a mystery swung
Like pendulums of dream.
You know him as of Adam's time
And look to see his staff,
But, lo, he is a wisp of rhyme,
A frolic waif of laugh.

Tomorrow he will not have changed,
Nor in the changing years—
He is the spirit that hath ranged
The Apennines of tears.
The valleys of the violet joy
His feet have trodden, too,
And he is still the same sweet boy
As when he aimed at you!

THE ROAD TO ARDEN

IT falls in a twilight moment, when the mill-wheels cease
their roar;

A drift and a dream of music, a face in a roseclad door;
Away to the forest of Arden, on the road to Arden sweet,
Where Jacques and the rest will gather and the trees o'erhead
will meet:

Oh, follow, my heart, through the valley,
O'er meadow and mountain, down
The road to the wood of Arden,
From the reek of the dreamless town!

It shines in a new-moon glory, a little white winding way
That leads to the Rosalinds waiting at the lilac gates of day;
The old and young upon it, the weary and faint, the new,
The pale and the pained, the rugged and fettle and fresh
as dew:

Oh, merry the music ringing,
And the lure of the song, how fine,
Sweet Arden road to the lifted load
And the lips that will lean to mine!

I have watched all day at the office the road to the Arden hill,
I have heard all day its music outsinging the mart and mill;
And the brothers beside me faltered, and the live who are
dead heard not,

For the gray in their lives of struggle and the dreams that
their hearts forgot:

Winding away I saw it,
And the whistles, they blew me there

THROUGH LOVE TO LIGHT

On the road to the wood of Arden,
O'er the hills of the wine of air!

It will come at a touch of fairy, it will glow when the moon is
white,

And down to the road of Arden we will go in the dream of
light;

O Mother of Melancholy; O God of the Rest We Earn,
It will be so sweet when I feel my feet on the road where the
long lanes turn!

Ah, merrily unto the forest,
For the green of its dream, its rest,
I will go for the sleep to follow
On the great Earth-Mother's breast!

THROUGH LOVE TO LIGHT

THROUGH love to light—ah, in its ray
With joy they go the love-lit way
Who dance to sweetness and the dream
When hounds of twilight chase the gleam.

Through love to light—ah, in its glow
The darkness breaks, and inward flow
Upon the heart's green fields the tides
Whose sweetening water heals and hides.

Through love to light—though blind, they see
At last the sun rise splendidly,
As unto Adam's primal gloom,
Eve brought the genesis of bloom.

LOVE, THE LIVING BEAUTY

LOVE is living beauty,
And all of life is dead
That is not on its honey
And on its spirit fed.
Love in song is singing,
Love in art is life,
The beacon and the burning,
The scorning and the strife.

Love is living beauty,
The sunbeam and the clod
Are not until it burneth,
It is the flame of God.
The picture and the problem,
The music and the tower
Are not until it wakens,
It is the flower of flower.

Love is living beauty,
Opaque the songless night
Till love dawns down the ages
In light of splendid light.
Truth takes it to the battle,
Joy takes it to the dance;
It is of one the music,
It is of one the lance.

ELATION

ELATION

THE bright, blue day, how much it means,
How much it does and brings;
The fine faith surging through the blood,
The feet on lightheart wings!
The windy flare of autumn hills,
The morns of silver rime—
Thank God for youth that lasts through life
And love that outlasts time!

Lift up, O heart, and feel the joy,
The bloom within, when dies
Along the faded fields the bloom
Rained down from April skies!
Sing out, O lips, and shout, O soul,
The year is in its prime—
Thank God for youth that lasts through life
And love that outlasts time!

Yea, when the windy hill I tread,
Or in the fine wood walk,
I hear the dreams that once were dead
Rise from the dead and talk!
With air so blue and skies such hue,
Were all the world a crime—
Thank God for youth that lasts through life
And love that outlasts time!

THE INNER SIGHT

IT is not that the world is sweet,
Nor that the skies are blue,
It is not roses at our feet,
Nor rose-breath of the dew;
It is not morning on the hills,
Nor mist, nor bloom-brimmed air,
But love that from her azure spills
Delights for us to share!

It is not beauty that we see,
Nor rapture that we feel
When God confronts us with a tree
Or meads their bloom reveal;
The mystery reigning round us now
Like dew from violets blown
Is only love that tips our brow
With ointments of her own!

Here in the city where the roar
Of traffic and its dust
Teach us how alien and how poor
Must be life's sternest "must,"
Sudden a clear drop from the sun,
A cool breath from a gleam,
Down the deep, brick-walled valleys run—
Love's memory out of dream!

Ah, momentary, brief, but sweet,
In meadow lands of light,

IN ARCADY

Or in walled way or lurid street—
That touch of inner sight!
It is not roses that we smell,
It is not stars we see,
But love that in her faery spell
Turns us to ecstasy!

IN ARCADY

THE skies are blue in Arcady,
Though clouds be gray in Rome;
The blooms are bright in Arcady—
Come home, my love, come home!

Across the world a weary way
We wander and we sigh
For heavens that in their cheery way
Within our dooryard lie!

The skies are blue, the blooms are bright,
The roses smile, O love,
And there are stars to shed gold light
In thy dear eyes above!

Farewell to Rome, it is not there,
The thing for which we long,
But in this life of human care,
Of simple joy and song!

DECEMBER SONG

THOUGH love may bring me April
And joy should bring me May,
A warm hearth in December,
Is not that well-a-day?
Though laughter bear me blossoms
And music makes me spring,
Ah, fireplace of December,
'Tis sweet to hear thee sing!

Come, roaring night of winter;
Come, hail and wind and sleet;
The violet's in the valley,
The bloom of dream is sweet;
Shake, shake the cottage timbers;
Beat, flood, against the pane,
Sing-ho for fender journeys
To heart of primrose lane!

Had I the spirit's choosing,
Had I the will to say,
I do not know what April,
I do not know what May
I'd take for wild December—
For love hath still its spring
In hearts that dare remember
And souls that dare to sing!

THE SMILE OF A WOMAN

And, better love's December,
 Ah, better love that knows
The gray dusk of the ember,
 The white ash of the rose!
For May-love hath true laughter,
 And June-love hath sweet song,
But old love lives hereafter,
 And mellow love lasts long!

THE SMILE OF A WOMAN

THE smile of a woman—it brings back the sun
 When shadows drift down and the daylight is done!
The smile of a woman—it lifts and it leads
The heart that is heavy, the spirit that bleeds!
The smile of a woman in worlds that are dight
With garments of winter, wind-driven and white,
Dawns down the dark valleys and over the hills
Till spring laughs again on the lips of the rills,
And summer's soft morning comes back to the land
With a rose in its hair and a bloom in its hand!
The smile of a woman—it brings to the earth
The music of morn on the red lips of mirth,
The hope and the joy and the dreaming of rest
Where Love holds a little one's face on her breast!

THE AGE OF LOVE

YOUTH is love's young morning, youth its golden prime;
Young love dreams of roses in an olden time,
Long ere joy had perished, long ere pain had birth,
In a fresh, sweet April of the antique earth.

Middle-aged love ripens slowly unto flower,
Dallying with the roses, dreaming in a bower;
And, if unrequited, broken vow or trust,
Dead and dumb its blossoms wither in the dust.

Old love lives in shadows, old love dreams in tears,
Half of it but memories of the other years:
Then, there's only one love—why this idle rhyme?—
For love is young forever with a youth outlasting time!

LITTLE SAINT CHILD

LITTLE SAINT CHILD

A WAYSIDE cross to her I raise
And by it leave my beam,
A little candle of the days
Of innocence and dream.
Ah, holiest of holiness,
Before this humble shrine
I bow unto the loveliness
Of purity like thine!
Saint child, my patron and my friend,
On every road I know,
Help me to light unto the end
Thy candles as I go.

I know not whether angels come,
As some were wont to say,
Or whether sainted lips still dumb
Like ghosts beside us pray.
But saints, I know, will ever be
On this earth while Saint Child
Comes in the twilight to my knee
With song and laughter wild.
Saint child, let others choose at will,
My patron is my sweet
Who lieth in my lap full still
Where dusk and dreaming meet.

When from the ardor of the fight
I come with weary soul;

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

It is the flickering of her light
That saves and keeps me whole.
Amid the roaring of the fray,
The heartache and the care,
I am anointed for the day
Because Saint Child is there.
In valleys of the kindly earth,
On hills of storm and strife,
Her white cross leadeth us to mirth
Through pilgrimage of life.

By every stern and stately tree
In forest or on road,
Oh, let me raise a shrine to thee,
That all who bear their load
May cast their burden for a while
By every shrine I've lit
And at the coming of your smile
Kneel down and worship it!
Kneel down in reverence as to one
Whose pure soul maketh us
In this sweet worship justified
And not idolatrous.

THE CITY OF CHILDHOOD

IF ever I tire, beloved, of the care and toil and beating
Of wings on the air that offers no resonant motion of flight;
If ever I weary of waiting through years that engulf and are
fleeting,
The bloom of the hopes that perish in a breath 'twixt the
dawn and the night.

THE CITY OF CHILDHOOD

If ever I answer "I cannot" to the call of life's labor and
planning,

And hands shall falter that fashion the dreams I have built
for you;

Before I have passed to the shadow and dread of defeat's
unmanning,

One day, one dream, one endeavor with God in the fields
of blue!

One day for a dream together and no one to offer pity;

Only a wall of world and a green earth for our feet;

Where we shall build of love, and only of love, a city

Of childhood confidence and the make-believes that were
sweet!

Only a wall of world and a quiet place for a palace,

Airy as those we built in old blown bubbles of dream,

Where, children of childhood cities, with lips to the charm-ed
chalice,

We built from winds of wonder the airy castles of gleam!

If ever I tire of weaving the shuttles that click and clatter,

Beside the looms that tremble in hearts that cannot be still;

It will not grieve nor wound and it will not seem to matter,

If only I gain my hour with you and the field and hill!

If only the dusk forsake me, and the wind of the four seas,
sleeping,

Comes with a breath of bloom from summers of old, old
years;

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

From out my heart and life and the dark, dank chambers
sweeping
The moth and the dust and stain of the raining of bitter
tears!

Only a flash of garden, and field and a wall between
Our hour and the streets of thunder that sink in the flame
and die,
Till we build the childhood city of pearl and tourmaline,
And the dream of a childhood heart in a world of April
sky!

THE BACHELOR'S CHILD

HE tosses her above his head,
He romps until his face is red,
He holds her arm's length just to see
The wonder of her witchery;
He talks in language soft and slow
That only little babies know,
He pauses now and then to gaze
Far off as if 'twere in a maze,
And then with sudden sigh and start
He presses her unto his heart.

He sits her highness on his knees
And hums her nursery melodies,
He shakes her rattle, jingles bells,
And, oh, such wondrous stories tells;

THE BACHELOR'S CHILD

He lifts her little face to lay
Its softness on his own, and play
Her dimples were the deeps wherein
A thousand drops of dew had been
And with his lips upon the brink
He'd lean to them to kiss and drink.

He lets her sink upon his breast,
He sings her little lays of rest,
And when her little eyes are closed
And all her baby grace reposed,
He sits beside her little cot
Thinking of things so long forgot,
So far adown the long ago
Wherefrom the tender echoes flow
Of songs he heard, of gay love-rhyme,
On lips whose roses fade betime.

Be still—the shadows fill his room!
A wrinkled, lonely bachelor's doom
To yearn for things that passed him by,
To hold the memory of a sigh,
To glimpse the shadow of a face
Once sunbright with its girlish grace,
To toss in play and sing to sleep—
When all the lonely shadows creep
And o'er his heart a figure gleams—
The little baby of his dreams!

THE BEAUTIFUL VISION OF LITTLE TOT

IF I could have what I now have not,
Give me, O Father, like Little Tot,
The childhood vision, the fairy sight
That looks through lenses of magical light,
To beautiful glory of worlds like those
She sees when she perches a-tippytoes
On the hills of spring or the summer bowers
Mid the lavender pageants of purple hours!

The beautiful vision of Little Tot—
I sigh for that when I have it not,
For it takes her up when the spring comes by
To the primrose path of the morning sky,
And it leads her forth when the summer smiles
To the beautiful morning-glory miles,
And the buttercup lanes,
Mid the old refrains
Of the glad, new, jubilant, joyous thrill
In creek and hill
Of the sweet-voiced rill
Playing its music on silver stops
Of the lute where Ariel childhood hops
And skips and jumps like a katydid
In the far green silences, singing, hid.

The beautiful vision of Tot, my child,
Why, how could a heart be aught but wild

THE BEAUTIFUL VISION OF LITTLE TOT

When over the autumn hills she sees,
Not wind and cold and the leafless trees,
But troops of purple and crimson things,
With maple bonnets and sumac wings,
And knights en-horse
On a golden field
Of the very cloth-of-gold, of course,
With armor on and gleaming shield,
And queens come down, with one in gray
Who on a purple bier they lay,
And she's a dream that died in May
That love to Tot revealed.

If I could have, as I said before,
The things I've had but now have not,
I'd choose the dreams that are no more—
The beautiful vision of Little Tot,
Whose bubbles break from the pipe and soar,
And sink and rise,
Green fields and skies
And fairy cities amid them glowing,
Even in winter, with all its blowing—
For then more beautiful is her sight
Than even in spring, with its April light;
For then, if ever, the streets are stars,
And lovely windows, and candy jars,
And cakes and raisins, and dolls, and she
Is a glorious bird in a Christmas tree!

BOY ETERNAL

We were, fair Queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day tomorrow as today,
And to be boy eternal.—*The Winter's Tale.*

WHERE is now that magic spell?
Brothers, have ye still the dew
Whereupon it once befell
Boy eternal dwelt in you?
Yesterday hath had its gleam,
Long Ago is but a sleep;
Comrades, do we dream the dream
Of the rose of youth-for-keep?

Turn the wheel and turn again,
Lift the veil and blow the dust;
Are we boys or are we men,
Are we doubt or are we trust?
Is tomorrow a today
Of the lightheart, of the free,
Bloomy in a breath of May,
Blithe beside a silver sea?

Crack the crust and dig ye down
Through the gray rind of the heart—
Here's the road to Boyhood Town,
Where the days of dreaming art!
Pike it with me, lad or sage,
Comrade of the whistling lip—

BOY ETERNAL

He is king who laughs at age;
Here is April, have a sip!

Now, remember, we are child;
Life was but a nightmare, so,
With the heart of youth a-wild,
Unto barefoot land we go!
There has been no grown-up time,
There has been no grief to feel;
We are June, with lips of rhyme,
Dancing in a dewdrop reel!

Fie upon your backward peep!
Life was but a ghost of toil—
Here we are in fairy sleep,
Children of the vernal soil!
Have no care for thoughts that bide,
Thews that ache or bones that crack—
Youth is on the silver tide
Floating unto child-come-back!

Leave it, leave the spindle's roar,
Temple's lure and market's lust;
Boy is boy forevermore,
Rosy in a web of dust!
We have never left it, friends,
Boyhood stands and we are still—
Lighthearts at a landing's end.
Youngsters on a red clay hill!

Something creeps to me at night,
Quirk of side at end of day;

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

There a strand blows in the light
Some might call a strand of gray:
Don't believe it! Nonsense, sweet!
I am in a skirt of plaid:
Boyhood, on its whirling feet;
Laughter, on the lips of lad!

A CROWN OF CHILDHOOD

WHEN the season of the green leaf comes again,
With its clean rebirth of beauty and its rain;
When the bloom is on the apple, and they say
It is happy for the crowning o' the May;
Then I wander, as I wandered years agone,
To a vision and a glory on the lawn,
Where they sate her on a chair,
With the roses in her hair,
And her beauty broke as beauty breaks in dawn!

Like a smile upon the pure face of a boy
When the heart of him is full of life's clean joy,
Glow the pageant of lost youth along the land
Where we danced, as comrades dance, with hand in hand,
And the thrushes sang around us, and the locusts cast their
seed,
And we rode the lists of tourney on our ponies cap-a-pied,
And we brought her woven zone
Of white daisies for her throne,
And we crowned her Queen of May Day in the Land of
Golden Deed!

A CROWN OF CHILDHOOD

When the woods are full of whispers in the dusk,
And the wild magnolia shakes around its musk,
Through the ancient boxwood hedges, dark and tall,
And around the gravels walks of Holly Hall
A child pageant of old beauty and old bloom
Strikes the light of lovely lances through the gloom,
 And a lane of white light follows
 Where the children through the hollows
Lead the child-queen to her scepter and her plume!

The winding river haunts me as of old,
And the marshes, with their mallows pink and gold,
And the deep, sweet cypress places,
Full of haunting, phantom faces,
And the cool, deep wimpling eddies, whirling dim
Where we leaped, wild brown-skinned youngsters, for a
 swim,
 Or beside the runnel's swish
 All the long day tried for fish—
Little childhoods in a childworld of the purple seraphim!

When the hylas on the swampsides croak and sing,
And the old effulgence happens, and 'tis spring,
I am yonder, I am yonder, where they came
To celebrate May morning with wild game,
And to crown her, crown the fair one and the mild,
With the bloom of fifth-month beauty for a child;
 And it all comes back to me,
 With its laughter and its glee,
When the season of the green leaf sets me wild!

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

AT the battle of the Baltic we were two, we were two,
A little old, old fellow and a lad of derring-do:

The snaredrums beat to battle
With a rattle, rattle, rattle,
With a rumble and a grumble
And a thrumble, thrumble, thrumble—

And then the ships were ready, and they set to work with
glee,

At the battle of the Baltic on the waves of rainbarrel sea:

We were at the fight together,
In the days of derring-do,
With our hearts as light as feather,
Skies as bright as April blue!

At the battle of the Baltic came the noble ships in line,
And some were made of shingle and some were chips of pine:

The trumpets raised a rumpus
With their grumpus, grumpus, grumpus,
With their crying and their sighing
And the groaning of the dying—

Then the little decks were bloody and the little ships went
down

In the whirl of rainbarrel waters by the shores of Boyhood
Town:

We were at the fight together,
You with eyes of lad ashine,
And the gray of winter weather
In these fading eyes of mine!

REVERSALS

At the battle of the Baltic you were Admiral of the Rear,
And I was at the window looking down upon you, dear:
 Came the stately flagship soaring,
 Came the guns of war a-roaring,
 And the rattle, rattle, rattle
 Of the drums that beat to battle:
Of the drums that beat to battle on that day you played with
 me,
A little lightheart fellow by the waves of rainbarrel sea:
 We were at the fight together,
 And the shingle ships were fine,
And our hearts were light as feather
 When the shingle whipped the pine!

REVERSALS

I N boyhood's day we longed to be
 Grown up and faring forth to see
The world of wonder and delight
Where men with men life's battle fight.
But, after all, it was not much;
And how we hunger, now, to clutch
The flying phantom, fading gleam,
That takes us back to boyhood's dream!

BOYHOOD TOWN

KIND God, look down on Boyhood Town and keep it
green forever,
The long main street, with shade trees sweet, the wharf
and the dreaming river!
Oh, lead us there when bowed with care to hear its childhood
story,
Its song and speech of love that teach the light of love and
glory!
Ah, lead us down to Boyhood Town, when we are old and
weary,
To taste and know the golden glow of spirits fresh and cheery!
Look down, we pray, on all that play in childhood's bloomy
valley;
Keep sweet the street where little feet of youth and gladness
rally;
Keep fair the place with pristine grace, that in our gray
December
We may be led with blithesome tread to love's undying
ember!
Kind God, look down on Boyhood Town and keep its soft
lights gleaming
In gardens fair that blossom there along loved paths of dream-
ing!
Look down, look down on Boyhood Town—for we are fain
to follow
The homeward way some well-a-day when all the world
grows hollow!



“THE LONG MAIN STREET
WITH THE SHADE TREES SWEET.”

THE PIRATE

Guard, Thou, and keep its yards that sleep along the old
main highway,
Its lanes that wend where meadows end in Bloom-o'-Child-
hood byway!
With all its gleams, its joyful dreams, keep it, dear God,
forever,
Its shade trees sweet that line the street, the wharf and the
dreaming river!

THE PIRATE

I WAS once a pirate with a deep, dark cave,
Where I kept my treasure by the sweet, sweet wave;
I was once a rover on the wild sea foam—
Yet never have I wandered from the gates of home!

I was once a pirate with a banner black and gold,
With crossbones on the pennant and a heart in danger bold;
I was once a voyager of the far, uncharted seas—
Asleep beside the roses of the honey-hiving bees!

I was once a pirate with an island where I kept
The treasures of my dreaming that I captured as I slept;
I was once a sailor with a cutlass in my mouth—
Upon the seas of daisy in the meadows of the South!

Ah, bring me back the dreaming of the little child again,
That I may dwell no longer 'mid the babbling tongues of
men;

That I may be a pirate with a deep, dark cave—
Beside the sea of fancy and the sweet, sweet wave!

TWO DUSTY SHOES

TWO dusty shoes beside his chair,
He kicked them off and laid them there;
Two dusty shoes that brought him through
The orchards of the grass and dew,
And miles of lane where blossoms meet
And squares of alley and of street,
And deeps and dells and dreams of play—
And now he's tired, and there they lay!

Two dusty shoes, so shaped and worn
To fit his little feet of morn:
A crease in this, a ridge 'cross that,
A heel worn off, a sole most flat,
A string just held by merest thread,
And he was weary, and he lies—
Thrown down upon his little bed—
With dreams of childhood in his eyes.

Two dusty shoes—ah, little friend,
How lovingly o'er them we bend,
And pick them up and mark how bold
They hold the shape and form and mold
Of toe and heel and instep, too,
These shoes that brought him through the dew
And grass and dust and bloom all day,
From home to school, and out to play!

Two dusty shoes beside his chair,
And in the twilight bending there

THE NIGHTNOISE

A mother in love's silent prayer:
A mother with those shoes clasped tight
Unto her bosom's bloom of white,
To ask God's blessing and His care
Upon the little lad that lies
With childhood's dreams upon his eyes!

Two dusty shoes, two little feet
That romped the lane and romped the street.
Two little shoes a mother's tears
Have rained on through the dust of years—
Because two little feet are still
Along the lane and o'er the hill
Where evermore around them lies
The golden dust of Paradise!

THE NIGHTNOISE

THE little nightnoise that you hear
When you go up to bed, my dear,
Is nothing that should cause affright
To Little Child alone at night.

I know just how it fills the room
Like roses velveting to bloom,
And sometimes on the window seems
To patter like the feet of dreams.

Don't mind; the nightnoise does not stay,
But long and long before 'tis day
Upon the bed by you 'twill creep
And fold its little wings in sleep.

THE HOLY STAIRS

I HOLD in fancy, I keep in dream
A stairway leading from gloom to gleam,
A wide, white, slanting and starwise way
That leans from earth and its vales of gray
Through blue, blue deeps, where the souls pass by
Of little children that climb the sky!

I see it ever before my sight,
That holy stairs, with its figures white,
Golden sandaled and soft of wing
As the first frail snowdrop found in spring;
Climbing, climbing the stairways seven
To the four gold bars and the gates of heaven!

Over the meadows and out of town
I dream they come with the wings of down;
The voice of the sea and the wind and the beam
Of the golden sun on the shores of dream
Being a music, a light, a glow,
For those on the holy stairs that go!

By bloom of meadow or wildwood bough,
Here is the stairway starting now:
Holy, holy, ye hosts of light,
Take me, too, from my deeps of night—
A little child on the stairs that lean
To the pastures new and the fields of green!

Holy, holy, I dream they climb
In the seven-year sweet of their childhood-time:

THE CHARGE OF THE NIGHT BRIGADE

Noiseless, softly, except afar
As they pass the gates where the seraphim are,
A lily laughs, and a rose makes room
On her velvet branch for another bloom!

THE CHARGE OF THE NIGHT BRIGADE

NO bugle to call them, no armor to glow,
No sheen of the battle fray;
No beating of drums for their marching feet
To step to by the way;
No flaunting banners or streamers red,
No marshal to give command,
But the charge of the Night Brigade, ah me,
You must see it to understand!

Five white-robed figures the roll call shows,
Five rogues in this army fair,
With eyes that are full of the laughing light
And lips that are rosy rare;
From the bedroom door with a mighty rush,
Down banisters one and all,
They sweep in a charge that none could dare
To meet without appall.

From top to bottom, with volleys of mirth,
On, on the chargers come,
And I know the enemy, though they sound
No signal trumpet or drum;

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

I know the stir of the pink, bare feet,
I know their ringing shout,
And I wait till they swing through the open door
With the ring of their merry rout.

The charge of the Night Brigade, full sweet
Is the sound of the merry din,
And I lay my arms at their little feet,
Surrender my heart within;
For they come, the foemen of friendship rare,
Neither to wreck nor stay,
But to kiss good-night and to hug me tight
As they go on the dreamland way.

White-robed revelers, soldiers true
In the warfare of love and right,
No field of battle in all the world
Hath borne such a wondrous sight,
As the merry army that step by step,
With rush and swing and shout,
Pours down from the bedroom rendezvous
To the walls of a heart's redoubt!

No bugle to blow to the fields of strife,
No marshal to give command,
No drums to beat to the clash of swords,
No flashing of cannon grand;
But the charge of the Night Brigade, ah me,
What a legion of wonder this,
To move to the music of pattering feet
And capture a good-night kiss!

HIS MOTHER

HIS MOTHER

MY muvver has been awful bad today,
Made me sit here and wouldn't let me play;
Just nothin' doin' but old story books,
And "You behave," and ugly, crosspatch looks:
When she comes by I'm not a-goin' to stir,
An' never, never goin' to speak to her!

She says I'm naughty, but it's her that's bad;
If I's a muvver it would make me glad
To have a boy be full of fun sometimes
An' tease his sister when she's sayin' rhymes,
An' pull her hair an' hide her dolls that way
When she's a-trying to 'have herself an' play!

I'll make her sorry when she comes tonight
To tuck me in an' fix the London light;
For I won't hug her, an' I know she'll miss
My arm around her and my little kiss;
But she's been naughty, an' I'm goin' to be
As mad to her as she is mad to me!

Oh, laws, I'm hungry! but she doesn't care;
Just keeps me sittin' on this old hard chair;
Won't let me chase the kitten any more,
Nor lean 'way over to see out the door:
I said a bad word, but she didn't hear,
Or else she'd come and box me on the ear!

Sister just now came in and got some bread,
With jelly on it! Wisht 'at I was dead!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

I bet she'd soon be sorry then, an' say:
"Why didn't I let my little darling play!"
All right, Miss Muvver, soon as you're at rest
Tonight I'm goin' to run away out West!

I'm goin' to be an Indian, yes, I am,
An' then your "nerves" will have a little "calm,"
An' sister won't be bellerin' round the house
Because I chased her 'ith a teensy mouse:
You won't have me to bother with again,
For I'm a-goin' to join the circus men!

Oh, my, I'm sleepy! Here she's comin' now,
To smoothe my hair and kiss my little brow:
She's got an orange, an' she says it's mine,
An' I'm a-speakin' to her! Ain't it fine
To have your muvver kiss you o'er and o'er
An' make you promise not to tease no more!

THE LITTLE CHILDREN

THE LITTLE CHILDREN

ARE all the little children in Thy arms, O Lord, tonight,
Safe from the roaring battle and the thunder of the
fight?

Are all the little children tucked away until the morn
Beyond the bitter trouble, and the conflict, and the scorn?,
For if they are, God rest us,
We'll be happy every one,
That they are on Thy bosom
Whom He loved so much, Thy Son!

Are all the little children cuddled up upon Thy breast?
To dream the starry night away in bloomy fields of rest?
Are all the little children safely in from romp and play,
With loved arms clasped around them as they kneel at night
to pray?
Oh, if they are, we're happy,
And we'll lie ourselves to dream
With faith's great temple o'er us,
And the lights of love agleam!

Are all the little children 'neath the shelter of Thy wing,
Oh Lord of all the children in the rosy lanes of spring?
Are all the little children kissed and comforted tonight
Beyond the darkling demons of the factions and the fight?
Then, we at last may follow,
And be happy, and be sure
Of strength to toil and love them,
And to suffer and endure!

LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL

LITTLE schoolgirl, here you are,
Pigtails tied with bow and star;
Little schoolgirl, there you trip
In your dainty gingham slip,
Apron ruffled, pockets wide,
And a lunchbox at your side:
 Little schoolgirl, well-a-day,
 In the lily-land of play!

Little schoolgirl, there you go,
Hesitant, and sad and slow;
Bells are ringing, and you heed
But reluctantly, indeed;
For the summer has been sweet,
And the dance is in your feet:
 Little schoolgirl, never mind,
 Time is swift and youth is blind!

Little schoolgirl, though we seem
Old, and old, and old as dream,
Here we go from life to life
To the school of stress and strife,
Learning something every day
From the things that turn us gray:
 Little schoolgirl, no one's wise
 Till he's suffered and he dies!

THE CHRISTMAS SPELL

THE CHRISTMAS SPELL

APRIL has happened to me,
With its lilacky mornings of glee;
A sunburst of May
Has been lost on the way
And is sitting up there in a tree.

'Tis a Christmas tree, and I feel
As a little child wanting to kneel
Beneath its green bough
With a little playhouse
And soldiers one fancies are real.

Paradise burns in my heart;
It touches and makes me a part
Of the tinsel adorning
The streets of the morning
And the little toy drum and the cart.

I've caught something funny, I know,
That bubbles above and below;
A wonderful feeling
Like joy through me stealing,
And roses have started to grow!

THE MARCH OF THE MUCH BELOVED

THE bugle sounds and the troops fall in and the regiments
pass by,

The little, lightheart soldier lad, the lass with gleaming eye;
In nightgowns white, with bare pink toes, and lips of love-
in-spring,

Around the room and through the hall they move with arms
a-swing:

The march of the much beloved,
To bedtime lands of dream,
When in the wide and starry skies
The silver poppies gleam!

Let Us Pretend and Make Believe, and little Dimpled Chin,
Away they go at evenglow to trumpet notes of tin,
To drumbeat of the heart of joy and banners of the blue
That wave above the little ranks of tender-heart and true:

The march of the much beloved,
To bedtime's dreamy air,
Away they pass, sweet lad and lass,
And baby Golden Hair!

White-robed and phantom-frail as blooms in gardens of
delight,

My brave brigades are moving by on marches of the night,
Sans sword or spear or bayonet, O soldiers of my love,
That move to chambers of sweet peace and tents of dream
and dove:

THE LAMPLIGHTER

The march of the much beloved,
To laughter's lure they swing,
Dear regiments with arms of rose
Beneath the flags of spring!

THE LAMPLIGHTER

I HAVE never seen him go,
Mighty in the even'glow;
I have never seen him rise
Far into the golden skies,
With a taper burning bright
In the gathering dusk of night—
But we gaze, and there they are,
Gleaming brightly, every star!
When the shadows close the day,
Like a vision, gaunt and gray,
From the sea and o'er the hill
He goes by, serene and still.
All is dusk and calm and dark
Till he lifts his giant spark,
Then the stars come into view,
Burning golden in the blue!

A GLORY I MAY KEEP

I HAVE a glory I may keep,
I have a gladness will not die—
A dream of childhood when the sleep
Of childhood visions filled my eye.
Though bugles call where battle burns,
And trumpets sound the charge of strife,
Back to the child the memory turns,
And hearts live o'er the golden life.

I have a glory that will last
When drums and flags are dust,
When battles of the world have past
And crowns of gold are rust—
The light of joy from other days,
The bloom of fancies fair,
When morning on her golden ways
Kissed them and set them there.

I have a glory none may steal,
Nor time nor grief destroy—
The quickening pulse that makes me feel
The heartbeat of the boy.
It is not as the rose that fades,
Nor as the light that dies
When twilight veils the slumbering glades
And clouds obscure the skies.

It is an everblooming rose,
An everlasting gleam,

COUNTING HI-SPY

Bright with the fairy fire that glows
Through childhood's golden dream—
A glory of the thought of youth,
More wonderful each day,
Eternal as undying truth
And beautiful as May.

COUNTING HI-SPY

INTRY, *mintry, cutry-corn,*
Apple seed and briar thorn;
Briar, briar, limberlock,
Three geese in a flock;
One flew east and one flew west,
One flew over the cuckoo's nest!

Pinch me, shake me, do I dream?
Oh, the echo: oh, the gleam!
There they go with laugh and shout,
Hi-spy children counting out!
Intry, mintry—hi-pon-tus:
Shadows, shadows over us,
Lift again thy darkling wing
From life's vision of lost spring!
I can see them, I can hear
All their rapture ringing clear!

Pinch me, shake me, wake me up,
Lift me to the rose's cup
Till I sip the fairy brew

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Of the apple-bloom of dew;
Till I shed my years like cloak
Of the bark and leaf of oak,
And go down to dance and gleam
In that circle of child-dream!
Hark, O heart of rust and gray,
To that song of child-at-play:

*Intry, mintry, cutry-corn,
Apple seed and briar thorn,
Briar, briar, limberlock,
Three geese in a flock;
One flew east and one flew west,
One flew over the cuckoo's nest!*

THE LITTLE ONE

THE little one leads the leaders,
And the old truth lives again,
That faith is the food of children,
And they are the fathers of men!
The little one mounts the morning,
And after the little one climb
The sons of the serving masters
In the multiple tides of time!

The little one sees more wonders
In a blossom beside the path
Than Graybeard sees in an eon
Of fuss and fuming and wrath;

THE LITTLE ONE

And what are the swords of system,
And what are the tests of toil,
By the cups of a full-bloomed marvel
The little one lifts from the soil!

Confounders of age-old doctrine,
Confuters of age-deep night,
The little one lifts us a lily,
And love is the bringer of light!
I stand chagrined of my darkness,
Of ignorance rank and wild,
When I try to answer a sunbeam
With the knowledge of little child!

The little one leads the leaders,
And plain is the truth to all,
That wisdom is childhood over,
And knowledge is, not to fall;
For sure as the wind brings morning,
And love is a light to see,
I shall know more than knowledge
When the little one walks with me!

GIRLS

IF you pick them when they're young
They are always fine and sweet,
With the dew upon their lips
And the dancing in their feet.
It is with them as with flowers,
And the king is he who knows
The ragweed from the violet
And the bramble from the rose.

If you pick them when they're mellow
With the dream of middle age,
They're a little bit like lilac,
Or like lavender and sage.
But sweetness has not left them,
And they're still to be desired,
With their arms and voice to soothe you
When you're feeling fagged and tired.

If you pick them when the shadow
Of the gray days groweth long—
Like an autumn's golden meadows
In the twilight land of song—
There is still a holy sweetness
In the heart that's true as gold,
And a girl is always angel,
And her heart is never old!

HER LAST DOLL

HER LAST DOLL

HER last doll! Childhood on footsteps fleet
Is now where the girl and the woman meet:
She'll not want dollies another year,
And she laughs at the thought, it is very queer;
So this is her last, and she hugs it tight,
With its dainty garb and its dream of light:
Good-by girlhood, when dolls are dead
And the old, old heart of playtime fled!

She grows so fast, and she's done with toys!
This is the last of her pristine joys;
She'll look for grown-up things next time,
And her heart will dwell in another clime,
And she'll laugh at dollies and think it odd
That she ever answered a rag doll's nod
With fairy chatter of childhood tongue
In the old, old beautiful age of young!

Her last doll! Ah, what a sigh for one
Who eats the blossom and drinks the sun!
She thinks we are foolish to tease her so,
And dreams no matter how big she may grow,
She'll want a dollie and will be child,
With its laughing spirit of April smiled,
And won't grow weary of girlhood play—
For isn't a girl's life always May?

Her last doll! Christmas will always come,
With tune of trumpet and roll of drum;

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

But playtime ends, and the summer dies,
And over the valley the grown world lies,
Calling, luring, till children spring
To its rapt allure on an eager wing;
And so, my darling, we know, we know,
How, just as certain as anything,
Your doll that you love and cherish so
Will soon be only your Long Ago
Where the old, old girlhood memories cling!

THE POOR LITTLE FELLER WHAT HASN'T NO MA

THEY lend him their pencils and give him a bite
Of apple, and help him to do his sums right;
They let him be "driver," and alluz declare
He ought to be given the heapingest share:
They're kind when he's fretful, and pleasant and sweet
At school or at home or at play on the street;
And they say when you ask them, with whispers of awe—
"He's the poor little feller what hasn't no Ma!"

The girls, even, pet him and won't spell him down
When the word is a whopper and makes 'em all frown
And stumble and mumble, just tryin' their best
To let him remember it first 'fore the rest;
He wins all the marbles, and don't have to fight,
And seems to be havin' a life of delight,
Because it's the code of the schoolchildren law
'Ith the poor little feller what hasn't no Ma!

THE POOR LITTLE FELLER

He gets the best pickles and has the most fun
Just livin' a life of contentment and sun,
With everyone tryin' the best that they can
To make it all up to him, ere he's a man,
What he's missin' and missin' f'um day unto day
Not havin' no mother to go to f'um play,
Ner kneel to at nighttime, just only a Pa—
The poor little feller what hasn't no Ma!

They tie up his shoestrings and lend him their knife,
And the girl they call Susie says he's her whole life;
And he gets lots of lovin' where'er he may roam
Just to make up the lovin' he's missin' at home;
That is, if a love can be made half as sweet
As a boy's muvver gives when he comes f'um the street
All weary and hungry—Lord help us to draw
Right up to the feller what hasn't no Ma!

A LITTLE CHILD

A LITTLE child may teach strong men
From weak intent to rise again
To nobler purpose, stronger will
Against the seeming shards of ill.

A little child may teach strong men,
For often comes the moment when
With thoughts distracted, hearts outworn
With burdens not so lightly borne,
We go to them, and from their play
Some spiritual uplift take away
That cheers and brightens and secures
The deathless will that oft endures
Beyond the limit and the meed
Of human strength, till trials impart
The lesson of the larger heart,
The blessing of the kindlier creed.

A little child may do so much
With that unconscious childhood touch
Of innocent content and trust
To lift us from the stifling dust
Of discord and discouragement,
As though a golden charm were sent
To change with waving of a wand
The sombre shadows of the land
To silvery sunlight shining far
And nights of blue with many a star

CHILDHOOD SPIRIT

Of joy still twinkling for our cheer
To lift us from the dull and drear.

A little child may teach strong men,
And save strong men, and bring again
That trust, that hope, that will to try
Which saves us from the dreams that die.

CHILDHOOD SPIRIT

GIVE me childhood spirit till I die,
April's laughter, bluebird's chafter, azure sky!
Give me morning drifting dewy to my feet,
Clumps of crocus, daffodilly, meadow-sweet;
God forgive the longing, leaning, on the dream,
Fain to follow childhood's glory and its gleam!

Give me childhood spirit till the gray
Of the twilight sets the stars and cloaks the day;
Give me music on blown grasses and the tune
Of love's singing on the bloomy lips of June;
God forgive the hesitancy of my soul,
Shrinking back again to childhood from the goal!

Give me childhood spirit till the end,
Fairy fancies with whose figures shadows blend;
Lead me dancing with thy finger tips, O spring,
Flash of cresset, flame of scepter, rose of wing;
God forgive the little crying in my heart
For the dreams that break like bubbles and depart!

LITTLE CHILD AT CHRISTMAS

LITTLE child is bubbles,
And little child is bloom,
And she is like a dancing mist
Set whirling in the room.
Little child at Christmas,
What else should she be
Than miracle and happiness
And glorifying glee!

Little child is radiance,
Little child is glow
Of light upon the fairy hills
Where morns of April grow.
Little child at Christmas,
What they've made her of
Is arms that twine, and tenderness,
And sublimating love.

Little child is eldritch,
Little child is beam,
A rosy, dancing dervish
On the magic miles of dream.
Little child at Christmas
Is love to which we cling
With lips that make the spirit
Of the Christ within us sing.

THE WASHERWOMAN

WHEN the washerwoman comes,
She's so old there's only gums
Where there used to be her teeth,
'Cept some jagged ones beneath;
And we 'ist delight all day
Listenin' to the things she'll say;
And we know she's older, more,
Than before they was a war.

Takes the basket full of clothes
On her head, and walks off so's
Not to spill 'em; when she's through
Washin' 'em she wrings 'em too,
And holds clothespins in her mouth
Like the slaves did in the South,
So she tells us, 'en she grins
As she smiles between the pins.

Day the washerwoman's here
Muvver says we very near
Set her crazy—but, who knows
What she'd do 'ith people's clothes
If we didn't make her talk
To us children, while we walk
Round the tubs and watch her wring
Sheets and slips and ever'thing?

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Mostest fun is when she's done
An' she tells us stories. One
'At she tells is once when she
Used to wash for Gen'l Lee;
Makes us feel so queer, and sigh,
And Old Mammy wipes her eye
Just like it was full of tear
Or of somefin very near.

THE WORLD

THE house is such a dreat big world,
It takes me all the day
To go to every place there is
When one's a-doin' away.
It's first the libr'ry an' the den,
The parlor and the hall,
The dinin' and reception room,
An' then the best uv all!

Ist what I mean is this, you see,
The kitchen's best, fer when
Y'u get to it y'u can turn roun'
An' travel back again.
An' then's the music room, an' then,
Upstairs is still to go;
An' after while we's tired, an' 'en
Our feets is awful slow.

THE FAT LITTLE GIRL

There's lots an' lots uv fings to see
That's in this world of ours;
They's pictures on the walls inside,
An' outside they is flowers;
An' where us children go to bed
There's picture books an' toys;
An' they's a garret way upstairs
Where we can make a noise.

I like to go around the world
At morning when it's sweet
In every room, and sunbeams come
To cuddle at your feet.
An' when it's night I like to climb
Upon a lap I know,
Like climbin' up a mountain side
All covered up wif glow.

THE FAT LITTLE GIRL

HERE'S to the cheek and the chin and the curl
And the dimple-cute hand of the fat little girl!
Everyone teases her, this one and that,
Pausing to laugh just because she is fat:
Ho! for the cheer of her;
Ho! for the dear of her;
Hail to the temper of sweetness and grace
And the rose of the sunshine that blooms in her face!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

All of her brothers, her father and mother,
Nickname her Dumpling and vie with each other
To tempt her and tease her—but here's to the curl
And the cheek and the chin of the fat little girl!

Ho! for the charm of her;

Bed-pillow arm of her;

Hail to her laughter that rings like a bell,
Flooding the world with the sweet of her spell!

Here's to the fat little girl of the home,
Kind as an elf and as gentle as gnome;
Every one weighing her, teasing and crying:
“It wouldn't be safe, dear, to undertake flying!”

Ho! for the smile of her;

Half a broad mile of her;

All of it sweetness and laughter and light,
With a heart like the sun, making other hearts bright!

“Isn't she jolly!” they say on the street;
Everyone loves her she chances to meet;
Here's to her spirit that smiles out of care
At the weight of the world she is destined to bear:

Ho! for the joy of her;

Oh! the tomboy of her;

Here's to her gladness, her wit and her glee;
Here's to the first little fat girl you see!

M U D

MUD

MUD is oncet when spring had come
Ist a little bit, an' some
Of the water and the rain
Had been left along the lane;
An' we found it, and we squealed
Ist like joy does when you've feeled
Somefin happen all inside
Where your funny feelin's hide.

Mud is what our muvvers say
'At they wish would keep away
F'um the carpets and the stair
When we chilluns enter there
And forget our feet is made
To be wiped off where she laid
Old rag carpets down and told
Ef we didn't she would scold.

Mud's for muvvers to despise,
But for chillun, it's ist pies,
An' the mostest fun, an' we
Ist bloom like the spring 'ith glee
When there's puddles an' we make
Tin pan stoves to bake the cake
And the puddings; and there's more
Fun than all in playin' store.

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

God made mud 'at little child
Might come home f'um school half wild
'Ith her fancy all made up
'At she'd get a spoon and cup
And make ever' sort uv thing
What mud's fit to make in spring;
Bubblin', dreamin', singin' rhyme
Clear till time for supper time.

ROUND THE YEAR WITH
NATURE

THE KING OF SPRING

ADVANCE your standards and salute the king,
Who comes with lips that sing
The immemorial music of the spring!

Not on high throne of state,
But still with heart elate,
And visions beautiful and mystic thought
Of strange mutations by the wayside wrought,
This is the king that comes
Not to the tocsin of the fifes and drums
But dancing to the dew-pipes of the dawn,
The flute of shepherd on the hills, where fawn
Skipping the forest fastness dash apace
And old green earth becomes a merry place.

Rejoice that his cheeks are rosy, that his eyes
Are blue as skies
When June breaks broadly from her leash of rain
And sings down stairs again
In glee of girlhood, all her rippling joy
Of laughter ringing as the silver toy
Of life blows bubbling by her from the bowl
Of silver soul.

Lower your lances; at attention rest!
This is the king who wears a tousled crest,
Straw-hatted, all unseptred, but for this—
A wand of magic and of power, I wis,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

To win the heart from conflict and despair—
A fishing pole, a stave that waved in air
Over the babbling cascades of the spring
Makes every boy in Christendom a king!

Mark you his color! What a pomp is that
Of cherry bloom beneath the fluttering hat;
Pink wine of roses, violet essences
Distilled in dew of morning pleasaunces
On country byway and the meadow path
That leads to silent dreams from noisy wrath,
From fanfare of the million-footed mart
Unto the golden fairyland of heart,
Where Fancy—fettered in our steamheat strife—
Breaks, as a butterfly its woven shell,
Forth from the shattered confines of her cell
Into the bloom and fragrancy of life!

Way for the king! Make way for one who glows
Sovereign in boyland on a throne of rose;
Free to announce his wishes with a leap,
And prone to keep
State in the rumpled shirt of gingham check
Than walk the deck
Of statelyship thundering on the seas of might
Or lead to triumph Xerxes hosts of light.

Tyrant, perhaps, to kittens and old frogs
Prone in the sunlight on half-sunken logs,
But innocent of nations, and unstained
With blood of minions by his barbed spears trained.

HOW THE FISHING FEVER COMES

He is rhyme's,
Sovereign and monarch of the rosy climes,
Comrade of all the beasties and the birds.
Translatable to him in joys the words
Of morning babbling by her gates of mist,
And sweet his lips unkist
Of pain and passion, but like buds still pouting
To tease the nymph upon her woodland outing,
And tempt the naiad, and harken back to man
The beard and pipe and cloven hoof of Pan.

Play up the drums! By reedy rivers greet
This king of mornings sweet;
Bubble and bloom and dancing light a-wing—
The king of spring!

HOW THE FISHING FEVER COMES

SYMP TOM one—a lazy feeling
Through the bones and body stealing.
Symptom two—a sort of pity
For yerself penned in the city
When the good green world's inviting
Out of doors and fish are biting.

Symptom three—the same old lazy,
Yawny feeling; sets you crazy,
Buried deep in life's distractions—
Ledger, daybook, bills and fractions—

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

When you know the crick is fine
And you're dreamin' hook and line.

Symptom four—the same thing over;
Stretch awhile, then smellin' clover,
Thinkin' catkins, swaying glossy,
And of ferny banks and mossy,
Where the river sings and shimmers
And the warm spring sunshine glimmers.

Symptom five—just like the others:
Oh, it's fishing time, my brothers,
When the fever, all a-sudden,
Makes us think of lilacs buddin',
And the heart turns back to boyhood
With its honeyed days of joyhood!

Only way to cure it's this way:
Take the old path down to bliss way,
Down to lanes where Mister Robin
Sits upon a cedar bobbin',
And you come back to your duty
Chocked up to the chin with beauty.

Don't resist it! Better catch it!
Nothin' in the world can match it
For old downright purifyin'
Of life's turmoil and its tryin'.
Are you ready? Let's away,
Back to boyhood land today!

SEPTEMBER IN THE LANES OF DREAM

SEPTEMBER IN THE LANES OF DREAM

SEPTEMBER in the lanes of dream, and all the land a
glory;

September in the lanes of dream—I love to tell the story!
The very honey of the year, the hived and golden beauty
Of harvests of the woods and fields, with all their essence
fruity!

September in the lanes of dream—swing down, lightheart,
to meet her!

The maple with its crimson crown, already there to greet her!
The sass'fras in its golden blush, the aster in the hollow.
O lady in the meadow-mist, dance on where mad dreams
follow!

September in the lanes of dream, those eyes of her, behold
them!

The grapes are crushed upon her lips; the pears, her arms
enfold them!

Far on the golden piper plays, where through the woodland
glancing

The shadows of the summer days down every wind go dancing!

September in the lanes of dream, her arms with brown nuts
laden,

Oh, wake ye all your songs, my heart, unto the golden maiden!
September in the lanes of dream—I love to tell the story
Of crimson on her lips of love and of her golden glory!

HAWBERRIES

THE hawberry's ripe on the black-haw tree,
And, oh, for the lads in the lanes of glee!
Tiptoe under the bending vine,
Drinking the juice of the wild-grape wine,
Tanned and tousled and bramble torn,
But light with the lightheart dreams of morn:
Hawberries, hawberries, come to my mouth,
While the hoar frost lies in the bloom of the South!

Mr. O'Possum has been here first,
And gathered the finest and left the worst;
But these are apples of gold, because,
A vision goes under the bough of the haws
Of freckled urchins and autumn days
And leaf-flamed valleys of mist and haze:
Hawberries, hawberries, ripe and sweet
With the wildwood nectar for drink and meat!

Dogwood, maple, and gum a-shine,
With the scarlet flame of the creeper vine:
Spice-bush burning with coral gems
And the juniper lifting its diadems:
Hawberry's ripe on the black-haw tree,
And, oh, for the lads in the lanes of glee!
Hawberries, hawberries—yonder they play
In the lanes of the laughter of yesterday!

SONG OF THE THRUSH

SONG OF THE THRUSH

SONG of the thrush in the evening—
You know what it is that you hear?
A voice as if echoed from water,
So cooling, and drippy, and near!
A flight of impassionate rapture,
A quiver of feeling so sad
That you know there's a burning heart waiting
With a message to make the world glad.

The song of the thrush in the evening—
You wander 'mid places of peace,
And the green, quiet nooks are around you
Until the fine cadences cease;
There's a sound like the splashing of fountains,
And a ripple of far-away rain,
And a soul seems to sing to the mountains
From the deeps of a spirit of pain.

The song of the thrush in the evening—
And now the whole woodland's a bower,
And you think you can hear the soft, velvet,
Slow opening bloom of the flower;
Then the chant of a choir in the distance
Where aisles of cathedrals stretch cool,
Or a hymn from love's lips in the morning
Rising out of a moss-bordered pool.

The song of a thrush in the evening—
Do you know what that song is, that cry?

Is it not something alien to labor,
Is it not something near to the sky?
Is it not that all hope and all parting,
All meeting and every farewell
Of the soul of the singer upstarting
Is filling the earth with its spell!

THE GARDEN CURE

I TOOK the garden cure last year
And reaped a crop of song and cheer
The seed was bad and would not grow,
But how much more I learned to know
Of nature's patience and her trust
In destinies beyond the dust!

It beats the pills the doctors give,
This outdoor living and let live;
This exercise of arm and thought—
A medicine divinely bought
With spending of the heart's sweet grace
For rosebud cheeks and smiling face.

A spade, a shovel and a hoe,
A springtime morning with the glow
Of beauty on the hills, and then
A little pitching in like men
To loose the sweet scent from the soil
With strokes of dream on arms of toil.

A VERNAL EVENT

The grass may die, the chickens scratch
The last seed from the garden patch,
But somewhere in your system still,
The glorious alchemy will thrill,
And nature in her own way finds
Green cures for all the barren minds.

I took the garden cure: ah, me!
I would the world might share my glee
Of simple love in simple things,
The friendship of the bird that sings,
The comrade beasties of the wood,
And, more than all, the joy that springs
From kindly offices of good!

A VERNAL EVENT

ARBUTUS is holding a dainty pink tea
In the leaves at the foot of the sycamore tree;
A vernal occasion, at which all the birds
Have found little souvenirs bound with blue words.

Arbutus herself is as pink as a rose,
With shoulders as white as the hyaline snows,
And she wears a green skirt, and such satiny shoes,
As scarce make a print where they fall on the dews!

It's a quiet affair, where the flavors are bloom
Of the delicate essence of airy perfume,
And each guest at the table—sans meat and sans roll—
Eats a little green thought for the good of his soul!

THE RED-WING

THAT'S a twilight song to hear worth the hearing, far away
Where the green wood rims the edge of the hot and
sultry day.

That's a song, indeed, that seems as if uttered from the cool
Of some quiet, sweet green place by the edges of a pool,
And it lifts you out of care, till your burden does not count,
And unto the starry void on his wings of song you mount:

Oh, the red-wing, hear him sing,
With that human sorrowing,
And that pathos and that passion
Of a sweetheart for the spring!

As if waterfalls were flowing where some cascade spills its dew
Comes that song of summer twilight through the heated air
to you;

And its magic half transports you to some island in a sea
Where the lost hopes homeward flutter to the groves of Arcady,
And you think you know what Eden must have been that
early morn

When the breath of God passed over and a Paradise was
born:

Oh, the red-wing, how he tries
To commune with other skies,
As the gray dusk closes round him
And the garish daylight dies!

It is vocal of a river, is that ripple that we hear
Of his song of summer evening with its cadence on the ear,

EARTH'S LOOKING-GLASS

And the dust and roar and rumble of the road and of the street

Fade in dreams of something pleasant, so refreshing and so sweet;

For his song is an oasis in the desert of the day,
Bringing thoughts of cool, green places in the woodlands far away:

Oh, the red-wing, hear him call,
Like a wind-dashed waterfall,
With the twilight hovering round us
And the spirit over all!

EARTH'S LOOKING-GLASS

EARTH stands beside her silver sea,
Her grace and charm reflected there,
And smiles her eerie smile of glee
And sticks a blossom in her hair.

The waves her mirror, to and fro
Before her far-reflected form
She walks until her belts of snow
Melt into spring's fresh tears and warm.

She tries her bonnet of the sky
In all its blue effulgence on,
And in the dews that fall from high
Dips deep her violet lips of dawn.

A robin startles from its throes
The stiff turf where the sunbeams pass:

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

And yesterday becomes a rose,
And at our feet occurs the grass.

Again upon her silver sea
She glances; and her glades of gloom
Have wheeled into a world of glee
Surrounded by inviolate bloom.

A CHILD IN SPRING

OH, to be a child in the morning of the spring,
With a bob and a bounce and a dance and a swing,
A rally round the Maypole and a touch of eerie glee,
Because the very blossoms are so very kind to me!

Oh, to be a child in the bright fresh weather,
With a plunge and a leap o'er the hill and the heather;
Whip-top, grace-hoops, hi-spy and ball,
And dreams among the daisies where the light feet fall!

Oh, to be a child when the fish fill the streams,
And the world is a bubble and the earth's full of dreams,
The bright blooms flutter and the grass comes again
And the rainbow follows in the path of the rain!

Oh, to be a child and to know nothing matters,
When the brook babbles by and the blue-bird chatters,
And we bob and we bound and we're fluffy and we're light,
And we won't come in till it's dark, dark night!

THE PREACHER OF THE SUNLIGHT

A T church in the mornin' the sermon's all right
If the preacher is preachin' of sweetness and light;
But if he should fail me, I know there is one
Whose text is just drippin' and dreanin' with sun;
For he sits in the hedge where I pass every day,
And preaches and warbles and chatters away!

He's a Bible expounder, this Reverend Bird,
Who gives us the root and the bloom of the Word,
And sets our hearts free from their struggle and care
With his voice of delight in the sweet of the air,
Where we look all around and we join in and sing
While the skies bend above like a cup full of spring!

I'm orthodox, certain, and glad to confess
The church is the place to be saved; but I guess
Book preachers get rusty, and when they forget
To fill me with sunshine, I'm ready, you bet,
To give Mr. Robin my closest attention,
As he sings of bright skies with his soul at high tension!

Oh, preach to me, gifted, divine little singer,
Of sunshine, and be to my heart the sun bringer!
Preach to me sweetness and love over all,
Thou red-breasted, love-raptured, wayside St. Paul,
Till I see with thy bird eyes the heaven all around us
And the truths that uplift us and never confound us!

THE MAGIC BANJO

AUTUMN evening, autumn evening, swing your curtains,
swing them low;

Bring the pipe beside the chimney and take down the old
banjo;

Autumn evening, autumn evening, when the frost is on the
pane,

Oh, hear the magic music of the banjo come again:

Plink, plunk; plink, plunk;

Lovers of life, away!

Moonbeams are glancing, swift feet are dancing,

Lovers must have their day!

Autumn evening, autumn evening, when the winds that walk
the world

Round the portals roar and rattle and against the door are
hurled—

Autumn evening, autumn evening, fill the pipe and brim the
bowl,

While the magic banjo drifts us down the rivers of the soul:

Plink, plunk; plink, plunk,

Whispers of winds no more;

Sweet eyes are gleaming, sweethearts are dreaming

Over the smooth oak floor!

Autumn evening, autumn evening, when the hollow and the
hill

To the echo of the beagles and the horns of hunters thrill,

Draw the trivet o'er the hearthfire, set the kettle where it
sings

THE CARELESS SINGER

Of the summers that have faded and the bloom of vanished
springs:

Plink, plunk; plink, plunk,

Fairies in dingles sweet,

Out of brown reaches of maples and beeches

Come with soft patter of feet!

Autumn evening, autumn evening, when the frost begins to
bite,

Hang the lanterns on the rafter till the old barn wakes in
light;

Hi-lo, huskers, hunt the red ear and upon a red cheek lay
Lips of love in league of laughter with the heart of happy day:

Plink, plunk; plink, plunk,

Under the ring and rune,

Waltz, every dearie, with young hearts as cheery

As heart of Cock Robin in spring!

THE CARELESS SINGER

HIGH on his airy perch all day
A mockingbird pours forth his lay;
Some sweet, low strain, and then a flame
Of music poured through trembling frame;
Careless what passing peasant ear
The rapture of the song may hear,
Or whether any; still he sings—
Divine indifference to Things!

Thou, too, O poet, hast the style
Of careless songsmith—spending smile,

Keen pathos, flame and bugle peal
Of battle, where true steel meets steel;
Indifferent, so in love's good time,
Some brow may feel the falling rhyme,
Some heart amid the passing throng
May wake responsive to the song!

Ah, give me but the will to know
The bird's wild art, the poet's glow,
The beauty of unconscious grace
Bloomed in the wayside rose's face!
That I, too, spendthrift of my lay,
May sing my heart out by the way,
Indifferent unto praise or blame
Through rapture of the joyous flame!

HIS CATCH

ON a bank 'neath a willow tree he sat,
With a dream of May 'neath his old straw hat;
Pole and line and a can of bait,
And a spirit of patience to fish and wait;
And when he came home at night—ah, me—
Could anyone guess what his catch would be?
Dreams and dreams of a day of rest,
Songs of birds and the trees a-swish;
A happy heart 'neath his canvas vest—
But nary a fish!

Down the street with his pole a-swing
He came when the dusk with dreamy wing

HIS CATCH

Folded the street and the little cots
And the garden paths and the pasture lots
With gray and silver of night—and he
Had caught what none but the Lord could see:
 Briar and bramble and vale and hill,
 Robin's rapture and water's splish;
 The good green vale and the quiet hill—
 But nary a fish!

Kicking the dust in the tree-lined street
With the stubbly toes of his bare brown feet,
Whistling a jig and singing a snatch
Of an old hymn learned 'neath a cotter's thatch;
Rugged and rosy—but if inside
The home-made creel on his arm you spied
 Joy and laughter and cheer would glow,
 Song and bloom and the springtime glee,
 And only the fish that the fairies know
 In the dreamland sea!

Watching the cork bob up and down,
And the clouds go by, then back to town
Soaked and softened and filled chin high
With the sweet spring day and the soft blue sky:
Open his basket and there you'll see—
For all of the fishing he's done—ah, me,
 Only the music of wood and lane,
 Cricket's chirp and the water's splish;
 A heart washed clean in the holy rain—
 But nary a fish!

AFTER DEATH IN ARCADY

AFTER death in Arcady
Rear no marble shaft to me,
So the rose may bend in bloom
Where the green earth gives me room,
And the linnet in the croft,
And the swallow in the loft,
Say they knew me,
Knew me, knew me,
Sing they loved me and they knew me!

After death in Arcady,
Lay me low and let me be,
So the robin from his cover
Sighs to lose another lover;
Comes, with heartache borne a-wing,
Back to warble in the spring
That he knew me,
Knew me, knew me,
That he loved me and he knew me!

Carve no cross and make no mark,
They will find me in the dark,
And I'll know them when they pass
By my home beneath the grass;
And I'll hear them, like a gleam
Of loved voices in a dream,
Say they knew me,
Knew me, knew me,
Sing they loved me and they knew me!

AFTER DEATH IN ARCADY

Let the little wood beasts come
To the burial of the dumb,
So I'll hear them where they chatter,
Asking plainly: "What's the matter?"
And among the leaves at play
Hear them murmur, hear them say
 That they knew me,
 Knew me, knew me,
 That they loved me and they knew me!

Let the sunbeam bring the sea
To my grave in Arcady;
Let the moonbeam bring the light
Of the cloth-of-silver night;
Let the red dawns break above
Like an April morn of love;
Let the greenwood, heart of mine,
Keep its vigils of the pine,
Let my fairy friends, the true,
Dance the fire-dance of the dew,
And the violets, where they creep,
In blue whispers, while I sleep,
 Say they knew me,
 Knew me, knew me,
 Sing they loved me and they knew me!

Write no record; leave the words
Of my memory to the birds,
To the rambling briar and bloom
And the green grass of the tomb,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

So all creatures, tame or wild,
Lips of love and lips of child
 Say they knew me,
 Knew me, knew me,
 Sing they loved me and they knew me!

After death in Arcady,
Oh, my love, remember me!
For in Arcady, you know,
That whichever one must go,
Love through death still clasps and clings,
Love through death still sighs and sings
 That she knew me,
 Knew me, knew me,
 Through the tomb she whispers to me
 That she loved me and she knew me!

EARTH'S GLADNESS

WHEN earth puts her bonnet of blue on her head
 And ties it down under her chin
With a riband of bloom and a gossamer thread,
 Oh, what a sweet face to look in!

What smiles and what roses, what grace and what poses,
 What lips and what wonderful eyes;
What nods and what glances as yonder she dances
 On the brim of the violet skies!

THE AUGUST MOON

THE AUGUST MOON

THE moon is on her silver stair,
With all her white robes glimmering fair;
The night is blue in regions far
And on her head she wears a star:
Sweet night, sweet light, o'er hill and stream,
And now I lay me down to dream!

Oh, wind that walks upon the sea,
Walk in my window unto me,
And all around my little bed
On feet of silvery moonbeam tread:
Sweet wind of love that breathes and blows
As soft as any breath of rose!

Oh, lady do not dwell alone
With me, but seek in love's fair zone
Her heart, whose memory is so dear,
And lay thy lips upon her ear
That she may wake and look with me
Upon this silver world and sea!

She climbs the arcs of sea and sky,
On leaf and vine she dances by:
Dim castanets are on her feet;
O moon of music, tranquil sweet;
Her lips are on the trumpet flower
And I am in the fairy hour!

A matron-moon, that still can be
Like April in virginity:
With all her white robes glimmering fair,
The moon is on her silver stair;
Her lovely garments round me sweep,
And now I lay me down to sleep!

CALAMUS

SWORDS of the Naiads and spears of Pan
That were made for man ere the making of man;
Green blades of the marshes, with succulent pith
To take us back to the monolith;
Tall, bright bayonets, swaying and sweet,
Where the tides of the waters of mermen meet!

Lances of lovely and fragile growth
For the winter nibbling of rat and sloth;
Bloom of the bogs where the reeds, blown airy,
Sway in their purple for plumes of fairy;
Ranked in the marshes like files of song
That unto the Genesis belong!

Wands of the wood-nymphs—there they go
Down through the reeds where the rivers flow;
Old Silenus, with spell of yore,
Weaving the mist of the golden shore;
Pan still piping, with wagging ear,
The song of the tall, green calamus spear!

SNOW ON THE DREAM

SNOW ON THE DREAM

IT has snowed all over my nice green dream
That I dreamt of the spring by the dell and the stream;
It has snowed all the buttercups deep as can be,
And the bloom of the mead and the balm of the sea.
Over, all over my dream it lies,
But I will not weep again,
For beauty is burning in yon blue skies
And there's summer enough for men!

It has snowed all over the valleys of rest
That seemed a green dream with the bloom on its breast;
It has snowed all the hollyhocks down to the deep
Where the warm little, wild little wood beasties sleep.
Over us, over us, me and my dream,
It has fallen in the sweet of the night;
But I shall not worry, for after the flurry
Loved lips will still lead to the light!

It has snowed all over the pictures I drew
Of May on the hills and her dimples of dew;
It has snowed all the jasmine, but snow as it will
It cannot keep dreamers from dreaming things still.
Cannot keep dreamers from dreaming, ah no,
Nor who would want that to be done,
For far through the bitter of wind and of snow
'Tis the dream brings us back the dear sun!

NATURE DECEIVES ME NOT

NATURE deceives me not, nor ever lies
Unto my soul with her divine surprise
Of beauty 'mid beauty hidden where she locks
Song in her brooks and history in her rocks,
Music in every heartbeat of the bird
In a still hour on morning hillsides heard.

Nature is hail-well-met with all who come
Unto her frugal hearthstone for a crumb
Of the old manna of the field and wood,
The humble substance of the natural good
In soul and spirit, from whose wine-press flows
The lilac loaf, the honey of the rose,
The dainty condiment of vine and tree
Ta'en to the orchestration of the sea
Or to the windy foreland's thunder-crash
Of clattering storm-stress, lightning's forked flash
And the reverberant echo far away
Where on slope fields unclouded sunbeams play.

I can in all things trust her and be sure
Of that which speaks "I fade" or "I endure."
She hath no madcap fancies, o'erwrought tales,
In nothing undertaken ever fails;
But plain, straightforward, clear-eyed, calm as fate,
She moves in destined pathways toward the Gate!

Arm me, Great Mother, as thou'rt armed, with flower,
Music as any linnet's gentle, or the power
Of the great seatide at her ponderous piers,
To pound down waiting centuries of grief,

THE SERMON OF LIGHT

The wild old ocean-music of the years,
Hoary with pain and salt of passionate tears!
Train me, beloved of Ages, to thy truth,
Beauty of bud and blooming of love as youth,
Gone with the velvet footstep in the morn,
As did white fauns to dance to Dryad's horn,
Like waves to Neptune's. Give me, indeed, to hear
The tremble of Triton's trumpet in my ear,
The faith to be high as thou art over hate,
Strong as thou art o'er weakness; calm to wait
As thou art through old drifts of wrong and night
Till the All-Justifying Change comes on—
Green as young grass and beautiful as dawn—
While the glad angels strike and lift the Light!

THE SERMON OF LIGHT

BEAUTY furnishes its text,
So that none may be perplexed
With involved, obscure conclusions,
Intricate or vain delusions.
Love is creed of all it knows,
And its liturgy, the rose.
Then, to deepen and impress,
It adviseth cheerfulness,
Singing heart and laughing lip
And the best of fellowship.

Ah, its pulpit is the hill
At whose feet deploys a rill,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

And in ambient circles there
Sweeps the bloomy meadow air.
For its dim cathedral aisles,
Look where yonder woodland smiles,
Reverent poplars in a line,
Tapers of the vestal pine,
Every heart of every tree
Whispering benedicite!

Would ye hear the chosen choir?
Then to holiest joy aspire,
For 'tis from the robin's throat
That exhales the heavenly note,
While the cricket counts its beads
In the cloister of the weeds—
Music fitting more to dwell
In a soul's monastic cell
Than be peddled, with its sweet,
By a minstrel in the street!

Now the sermon. Let us see
How this preacher talks to me!
Yesterday, when he was done,
I had drunk the cup of sun,
Brimmed with mist and bright with dew
And adorned with Heaven's own blue:
So, remembering what I heard
As a song and not a word,
I forgot life's aches, and went
Unto higher sacrament!

THE FAIRY SHORE

THE FAIRY SHORE

MY thoughts are on some fairy shore,
My dreams are of enchanted climes,
Far, far beyond the rush and roar
Of city streets and modern times;
They speak to me of stocks and bonds,
Of chances lost and fortunes made,
I only see the ferny fronds
Of good green woods and fairy glade!

My thoughts are on some hill of child,
My dreams are of an antique glee,
With Crusoe and Man Friday isled
Deep in an unfrequented sea;
The rattle of the mill-wheel dies,
The old machine-like life sinks down,
And I am under magic skies
With Sinbad many miles from Town!

My thoughts are voyagers of no sail.
My dreams are couriers of no wing,
Now resting where calm airs prevail,
Now wandering o'er a hill of spring;
Upon a fairy shore I dwell,
While round me whirls the roaring day—
A lightheart of the childhood spell
In the green make-belief of May!

THE BLUE NOVEMBER NIGHTS

NOVEMBER nights—ah, the night of blue
With the stars to twinkle their rays at you!
The clear, far leagues of the azure dome,
O beautiful hour of the autumn gloam,
When the bluest blue of the skies is there,
And the crisp, keen tingle is in the air!
November nights, and the moon afar,
And the silent deeps and the twinkling star!

November nights—and the roadway lone,
The clicking heel on the gravel stone;
By hill and shore to swing and stride
Under the blue where the planets ride;
Under the far, clear tent that lifts
Where the meteor falls and the comet drifts:
November nights, in the bending blue,
Alone, sweetheart, with the stars and you!

November nights—and the woods so still,
The gray outlines of the dale and hill;
The ripples ringing along the shore,
The low, soft dip of a distant oar;
The sweet, the sweep and the dream of night
In the clear, crisp reign of the autumn light;
And, oh, the beautiful blue of the blue
In the skies above and the eyes of you!

THE BLUE NOVEMBER NIGHTS

November nights—and the air so fine,
The stars so clear in their golden shine;
The heart so strong in its rhythmic beat
And the tread so true of the swinging feet;
The bending blue of the starlit zone;
A love-song wafting from dream-lips blown,
An eerie hour that thrills one through
With the blue November night and you!

November nights—and a grace that swings
When Ariel out of the pine tree sings;
A rhythmic, runic, golden time
In the ripening hour of a golden clime;
The bending blue and the stars that call,
The tender blue and the rays that fall—
The beautiful, beautiful blue of the blue
In the skies above and the eyes of you!

IN THE SPIRIT OF WALTON

'TIS now the time for fish to bite,
The streams are sweet, the fields are bright,
The lanes are gay with berry-bloom,
The wild oats lifts its nodding plume;
At morn the mists are on the deep
And like a wing of pearl they creep
Until a little wind comes by
To blow them out to sea and sky!

'Tis now the time for rock to run
From capes of spray to shoals of sun,
For perch to take the bait I fling
Across the drowsy deeps of spring:
Come pipe, come book, come old straw hat,
My boat may leak, but what of that?
From cove to cove and shore to shore
We'll drift and dream and ask no more!

Alone, except for one who sits
Beside me where we test our wits—
The spirit of old Izaak dear—
I watch the skies around me clear,
My heart at rest, my soul in line
With wave and wind and shade and shine,
A nip at noon, a nap or two,
A boat, a book, a world of blue!

IN THE SPIRIT OF WALTON

Oh, come with Izaak Walton, sweet,
If on the shores of dream you'd meet
The calm, the still, the lovely day
With charm to chase your cares away,
And spell to wake within the heart
A grace of art beyond all art;
The sense to feel, the sight to see
Green visions of eternity!

No bite? No fish? An empty creel?
But think, beloved, that wholesome meal
Of wind and wave and quiet cove,
And wooded shores, and songs of love,
And fruited bough and bending briar,
And all the bloomy fields afire
With wilding rose, and orchids hid
The ferny woodland deeps amid!

All day the quiet drift of things,
The purr of wind and whirr of wings,
The insect gossip in the grass,
And shy things startling as we pass;
The snack at noon, the jug with cool
Fresh water from the springside pool;
The twilight sweetness on the hill,
And then the dusk, and whippoorwill!

JULY NIGHT

NO moon, but starlight, and soft afterglows
From sunset radiance of the fiery ball
Swung to his cloud-bed in the misty waves
Of shadow and of twilight. Far away
The mournful woodnote of the whippoorwill—
A sad voice calling out of poignant years
Of old, old loves and waitings weird and long
For answering echoes from the tall oak grove
Or pine clumps forming vanguards of the woods.
Yonder the cities thundering in our dream
With roar of night-sounds and the ring of wheels,
Buzzing of trolleys on the surcharged wires,
Clatter of hoofs on hard, metallic streets,
Human up-breathings of the voice of pain,
Chanting in brotherhood of wordless speech
The common miserere of the race.
Here in the quiet country nameless peace,
Total reversion from the clang of things,
The harsh reverberance and the roar of strife.
Sudden a Bob White out of stillness borne
Up to the ecstasy of that clear call
Which weds to the wildness of the lovely world
Weird and inviolate music of wild love.
Flashes a firefly—then the shadowy lawn
Bursts in a faery splendor where they wing,
Pricking the fluttering foliage with their light
Of delicate phosphor, or the weedy garth,
Tall hedge and boxwood shrubbery by the gate.

THE WORLD OF AUTUMN

Warm is the air, and fragrant—and just now—
Breathed through it faintly from the neighboring wood—
Musk of the chestnut bloom, and chinquapin!

THE WORLD OF AUTUMN

A CRIMSON weed and cobalt seed, a burr and a thistle-
pod,

A poppy bloom and the yellow dust in the plume of the gold-
enrod;

A beautiful world to live in,
Forget in and forgive in,

To walk in and to work in, to rest in and to nod!

A chestnut burr and a chinquapin, a haw with its berries
black;

A paw-paw sweet, a bin of wheat, the straw in the barnyard
stack;

A bountiful world to grow in,
To reap in and to sow in,

With joy in the blood a-bubble from the lips of youth blown
back!

The windfalls under the winesap, a barrel by the cider mill,
A red corn ear in the husk somewhere, and a maid with her
heart a-thrill;

A fine old world to spark in,
To sing in and to lark in,

To find the old-time sweethearts the same old sweethearts
still!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

A fox in the den by the berm bank, a horn on the hills of light,
A minuet in the mansion with the hunters home in the night;
 A glorious world to dance in,
 To live life's old romance in,
To court in and to sport in when the eyes of the maids burn
bright!

IN MEADOWS STILL

THE choral morning wakes me not;
 On field and hill
The lips of summer have forgot
 The rose's trill.
The leagues are silent that were sweet
 With song and bloom;
The snow is o'er the young green wheat,
 And winter's gloom.

But, oh, my meadows, where I heard
 The robin's note,
Like a wild antiphonal word
 In rapture float,
I shall enjoy thy peace the while
 You sleep and dream
Of April with her lilac smile
 On lips of gleam!

PREMONITIONS

PREMONITIONS

THERE'S a bud on the bush by the lilac gate,
And a bird on the bough in the lane;
And, upon my soul, I can hardly wait
For the bloom in the valley again!
There's a knock at the door of the beautiful hill
And a shadowy, far-off note
Of song on the stream from the lips of dream,
And the robin is clearing his throat!

The eaves are a-drip, and the sod grows warm,
And the trees are beginning to sigh;
The spirit of bloom's in the wake of the storm,
And there's infinite sweet in the sky:
Tomorrow, perhaps, when I wake I shall see
A catkin in velvet and brown,
And little Miss Daffodil, golden in glee,
A-stroll through the heart of the town!

Oh, whisper it, wind, to my heart once more,
There are snowdrops open, you say,
And the streams are cleaning up house with a roar,
Each moment expecting Miss May!
I know it, I know it, Sir Tanager cries,
And the meadows are waiting for me,
And the earth is in infinite love with the skies,
And the skies are in love with the sea!

THE FLUTE OF TWILIGHT

IF you've ever heard the thrill
Of the lonesome whippoorwill;
If you've ever heard the calling
Of his woodsong, rising, falling,
You have known the fairy music
On the shores of fairy night,
Where the fiddles of old sorrow
Join the flutes of evenlight.

If you've ever heard the trill
Of his whip-poor, whip-poor-will;
If you've ever heard the ditty
Of his mournful cry of pity,
You have heard the magic meaning
Of the music of the dusk,
Singing down to seas of summer
On a breeze of April musk.

If you've ever heard him fill
All the night with whip-poor-will;
If you've heard his sob repeated
Till the hundredth time completed,
You have listened to the dream-song
Of the night of dreaming love
Crying down enchanted casements
Of the woods to stars above.

FIRE

If you've ever heard the thrill
Of the lonesome whippoorwill;
If you've ever heard the crying
Of this lovelorn spirit's sighing,
 You have been in happy regions
 Where the peerie dance and sing
And the flutes of sylvan sadness
 Fill the nights of fairy spring.

FIRE !

FIRE! Fire! The woods are afire!
 The flame of the maple leaps higher and higher;
The banks and the meadows are bursting in gold,
The enginemen down in the dew should be told!
Oh, ring the belled lilies and summon the rills,
The autumn is smoking upon the brown hills;
The sumac is gleaming, the sass'fras in sheen
Of saffron and scarlet nods proudly between;
The lanes are a glory, the fire is a-leap
O'er bramble and bracken and valley and steep!
Aye, call up the firemen from dew o' the morn,
With clatter of engine and echo of horn!
The frost is the rascal whose fingers, the scamp,
Have fooled with the matches and upset the lamp!

THE BROTHERHOOD OF BLOOM

ETERNAL are the tender bonds,
And deathless oaths they take
Who join the old felicities
For sake of others' sake.
A hand of earnest faith, a vow
Of pledged and golden truth
All in the simple bondage of
The creed of deathless youth.

A confraternity of love,
Where conflicts rise they go
To teach forgiveness how to thrive,
Beatitude to grow.
Unconscious of a head or crown,
Or ruler more than right
They walk a vestal company,
Of kingdoms come to light.

Disparagers of fight or fray,
On force they softly smile,
And laughter, arm in arm with song,
Wakes all the blossoming mile.
Irradiant with the old desire
Of heart o'erta'en by sense,
Their vows are on the altar laid
Of higher excellence.

THE PALACE BUILDERS

THE PALACE BUILDERS

THE wind, the rain, the cold, the sleet,
Four journeymen are they,
Who chanced last night at toil to meet;
And when I rose today
The cedars at my window shone
With mail they had put on
To match the armor of the grass,
The crystal of the lawn!

Along each hedgerow they had reared
A regal colonnade;
The dogwood globed, the holly speared,
And glory gleamed the glade;
The naked trees had been transformed,
The leafless vines were sheen,
The pines bent down with crystal crown
And all was fairy scene!

But at the doorway of the wood,
What handiwork I saw
That in a breathless spell I stood
And in a wordless awe!
Here had the builders' quaint design
All other skill outshorn,
And I beheld an Arctic mine
Lit by an ambient morn!

MISS HOLLY

WHO is this with berries red
And green wreaths upon her head?
Who is this with light feet tripping
Where the mistletoe hangs, slipping?
Who is this with crimson splendor
On her velvet cheeks and tender?
Holly, holly, sweet Miss Holly,
Laughing at our melancholy!

Who is this with branch of pine
And the green spruce boughs that twine
Shelf and window, door and frame,
Mixed with red globes' waxen flame?
Who is this who dancing brings
Lips of love and heart that sings?
Holly, holly, sweet Miss Holly,
Beaming bright and blithe with folly!

Who is this in green boughs dight,
Smiling down with face of light,
Waking old, memorial dreaming
Of the happy yuletide's gleaming?
Ring of laughter, songs of joy,
Girl or phantom? Sprite or boy?
Holly, holly, sweet Miss Holly,
Wreath-ed head and berries jolly!

THE COMFORT OF THE WOODS

THE COMFORT OF THE WOODS

WHEN you are sad and feeling blue,
The woods will tell you what to do.
When heartache makes your care the sorest,
Go tell your trouble to the forest.
The noble and unselfish trees
Will comfort you with song and breeze.

The woods will tell you how to bear
Each day the armament of care.
That temple of the arching green
Will give you thoughts that are serene
With larger love and deeper trust
For daily conflicts with the dust.

The woods will tell you what you need
To heal the wounded hearts that bleed;
It will not dally nor deceive,
But all it says to you believe—
For it is 'mid green trees that God
Walks with His velvet sandals shod.

FEELING FIDDLISH

CORN is in the tassel and melons on the vine
Begin to lift their faces to the answering smile on mine;
A faint, far-off suggestion of the golden autumn days
In the glowing noons of August and the evening's cool with
haze;
In the woods the oak leaves falling, and the sassafras is red,
And the chestnut burrs are forming, and where'er my foot-
steps tread
They slip and slide and tingle, and it's coming time, I know,
To take down my old fiddle and to rosin up the bow.
In fact, I'm feeling fiddlish—and, it's sweep the old barn
floor,
We'll dance the dreamy measures that we danced in days of
yore!
Yes, feeling mighty fiddlish, and the weather says to me:
"Just tune her up a little, with her plink-plink-plink-ut-tee;
The season's here for fiddling, and you won't break any law
If you take her down and tell us 'bout the turkey in the straw!"

A WOODLAND INVITATION

A WOODLAND INVITATION

“COME down! Come down!” I heard a cry
Of welcome ringing through the sky:
“Come down! Come down!” I knew how fair
The world must be around one there,
With robin and his lady sweet
To make the bloomy land complete!

“Come down! Come down!” It rang all day,
A joyous bird-song roundelay:
“Come down! Come down! to field and wood!”
I wish I could, I wish I could;
Oh, lady of the velvet breast,
I shall come down, I want to rest!

“Come down! Come down!” at dusk the thrush
Touched silvery lute strings through the hush;
Across the valleys to the town
I heard its echo: “Down, come down!”
I will, I will; tonight, my sweet,
In dreams amid the city’s heat!

THE DEAD BUTTERFLY

I WANT my little butterfly that died;
I want it, too, the heart within me sings;
The velvet, fuzzy leggings on its legs,
The azure of the twilight on its wings.
I want it, I want it, want it very bad,
Because it seemed so beautiful and glad!

I want my little butterfly that flew
From bloom to bloom, all fluttery and fine,
With patterns that the artist-fairies drew
Upon its coat in many a beauteous line.
I want it, trembling still upon my hand,
Like the quaint figure on the apex of a wand!

I want my little butterfly again,
With little dots and speckles on its side,
So delicately poised in field and lane
Upon the bloom it kissed before it died.
I want it, want it, with its beauty, yes I do,
And wings that were a madrigal in blue!

VAST NATURE KEEPS HER COUNSEL
STILL

VAST nature keeps her counsel still,
And rolls her round and works her will!
Man, questioning, pauses to essay
Some new-born science of the day,
First causes, principles, intents,
The wherefore and the why and whence,
The cry for light, the greed to know
The thus and why and if and so;
But not the mountain yet, nor plain,
Have stopped one moment to complain;
The rivers run, the bays endure,
The skies are blue, the stars are pure,
The mighty forces, calm or wild,
Smile down the years as they have smiled
From Alpha and the primal dew
Unto this hour of me and you.
The avalanche leaps, the lightnings play,
And night descends, or it is day;
With patient purpose—good or ill—
Vast Nature keeps her counsel still!

THE KENTRY

THE thing hits me in the wind, gee whiz,
Is, my, what a sight o' kentry there is!
God had bushels of beauty, sure,
When He made the kentry so sweet and pure;
And them there mountains; and, on yer knees,
Jest try measurin' off them seas!

'D y'u ever see such a stretch uv things!
Birds don't know it, 'ith all the'r wings;
And soar as fer as they could all day
They'd just be journeyin' like 'twas play,
Compared 'ith the space there wuz left ter go
In the land God made for our souls ter grow!

It's beautiful kentry, too, di-pen!
If heaven wuz goin' eround, and then
Divin' and comin' right back again,
I'd be so happy, 't'ud just suit me—
And it's all the heaven I'd care ter see,
If that's what the Master has meant fer me!

THE GOSPEL OF THE GREEN

THE GOSPEL OF THE GREEN

THERE is no text from which to preach
The lessons nature strives to teach.
There is no written word of law
Contains the creed from which we draw
The doctrine of her simple sense
Of truth's divinest recompense.

Her pages are a scroll of green,
Placed where the all-enfolding sheen
Of sunlight brings them into view
Of all who pass the country through—
A universal language writ
With joy of bird and bloom of wit.

Her unpretentious gospel spreads
Where every human footstep treads,
That we may ponder and grow wise
From reading in the bending skies,
The blue hills and the vales of song,
That truth unending makes us strong.

AN EPITAPH

HERE lies a most beautiful day:
So delicate, how could it stay!
The crisp of the sunshine over the snow
Made it a rapture of crystalline glow,
And the keen wind under its feet
Made it sweet as the marble-sweet
Of a statue carved of berryl stone
To keep forever and enthrone
Some grace of a baccahant beauty caught
In the rich wine of a ruby thought.
Unto its memory here
April shall bring its tear,
And May its blossom, and June its song—
For beauty is not for long,
But being beautiful doth not stay
Except as a beautiful day
That memory lays to its rest at night
With the velvet coverlet over its light.

THE MORNING MAIL

THE MORNING MAIL

HERE are letters—one, two, three—
In the morning mail for me:
One from sunrise on the hill,
Setting all my heart a-thrill;
One from greenwoods, dark and deep,
Where the lonely fairies sleep:
One from Bright Eyes, best of all,
And the lips that wake and call
Down the dewy paths that shine
From her golden heart to mine.

All is well, the sunrise writes;
And the greenwood so indites
On sweet messages of breeze
That he wafts me from the trees.
All is well, her echo rings
Down the little lane that brings
Postman Morning to the gate
Where my heart and I await.

LIGHTING THE FLOWERS

GREEN memory with her taper came
To touch the lily into flame;
Hope gave the morning-glory light
As the last shadow left the night;
Truth to the lilac's petals brought
The purple fire of stately thought.

Fancy the gay marshmallows flared
With kisses where its torches glared
Against the swamp's green curtain, fine
With clambering frond and climbing vine;
Joy, in the autumn meadows trod,
Lighting with bloom the golden-rod.

Youth gave the modest violet birth
Of blue-flame where it made the earth
Sweet as a path to Paradise
With the dear honey of its eyes.
Love lit the rose—ah, with what fire
Of old delight and young desire!

MARYLAND MAGIC

THE MOONLIGHT HILLS OF MARYLAND

A FAR in lines of shadow,
Away in shapes of gray,
The sweet old hills of Maryland
In silvery moonlight stray.
The harvest moon of autumn,
Beneath her tender smile,
The hills of gray, away, away,
Stretch on for mile and mile.

Oh, the moonlight hills of Maryland,
The dells where shadows dance;
How sweet they lie, so still and shy,
In the autumn-time romance!

Calm as a stalwart sentry,
The old hills stand and wait;
The moonlight falls, the night-owl calls
Far through the valley gate.
A moonlit land of beauty,
A hill-sweet land of song,
O land of bosomed waters,
Where the old bay rolls along—
For me the autumn glory,
The night of harvest moon,
The moonlit hill, the valleys still,
The heart of all in tune!

Gray in the autumn shadow,
In wavering lines they sweep,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

While round them dance in soft romance
The shades of vale and deep.
The sweet old hills of glory,
Beneath the moon how fair;
Away, away, in lines of gray,
I love to see them there.
Oh, the moonlight hills of Maryland,
Wherever I may be,
I know through all that they will call,
Those dear old hills, to me!

HOLLY HALL

A LITTLE way from the end o' town and 'round by the
river bending;
A little lad of the barefoot day where the dusty road goes
wending;
A little dream in the heart of him and a vision that upbore
him—
And Holly Hall in its glory all down the boxwood lane before
him!
A comrade near and a song of cheer and a world of dreaming,
wishing,
The river there and the fresh sweet air and the whole world
gone off fishing!

A little way from the end o' town and 'round by the winding
river,
The haw and the fox grape rip'ning there when the winds
of autumn shiver;

HOLLY HALL

The mansion dreaming beneath the trees and the weird
vault crumbling near it,
Where the venture of the boyhood heart played boldly not
to fear it;
The wilding rose and the clambering vine and the unknown
grace and glory
That filled the stern and stately place with stern and stately
story.

A little way from the end o' town, the Maypole by the man-
sion;
The old, sweet day of the fairy lay and the charm of the robin's
chanson;
The great old barn with its lofts where lay the timothy and
clover,
And romping children all the day the sweet piles tumbled
over;
The wide, cool hall, where a team might turn and the grand
old shade trees bending,
Where dance and dream on the fairy lawn and dream and
dance were blending.

A little way from the end o' town—in boyhood's day of won-
der,
Oh, happy hours in the orchards there and the great verandas
under,
The little stile and the driveway gate and the green park's
bridge and ditches
And the instant thought of a weird romance and a house of
the haunting witches!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

A little way from the end o' town—in the soft, sweet shadows
gleaming,
O Holly Hall, do the larks still call and the days go by you
dreaming?

A little way from the end o' town—a little lad by the river,
Where the paw-paws sweeten in the sun and the cattails
sway and quiver;
A little way down the dusty road—oh, how our hearts would
bristle
When we carved the lintels of the vault with our own and a
girl's initial!
A little way from the end o' town—to the old days thoughts
go sweeping,
O Holly Hall, are the roses there and the vines still 'round
your creeping?

SPRING ON THE SEVERN

SPRING is on the Severn and the dogwood's flash of light
Is like a frequent signpost that the woods have painted
white;
You turn a ferny corner, and it lies before your eyes,
The blue tide of the Severn like the blue of springtime skies,
The blue tide of the Severn,
Ah, that haunting, happy stream,
Where the sweet boats seek the landing
Of the magic world of dream!

The laurel in the copses lights its flame of pink and red,
The wild azalea blossoms in the pathway just ahead,

KENT ISLAND

The mockingbirds are singing in the cedars by the shore,
And twilight brings the bugle of the hermit thrush once more.

And twilight brings the bugle
Of that bird the Severn hears
Down all the tranquil distance
Like old music set to tears!

A motorboat is puffing from the Indian Landing down
To reach some wharf of traffic under old Annapolis town;
The mists o'er Round Bay rising turn to silver in the sun—
Oh, yes, 'tis spring on Severn, and the beauty play's begun.

Oh, yes, 'tis spring on Severn,
Where the spring comes all so sweet
That you scarcely hear the patter
Of her dear, unstockinged feet!

KENT ISLAND

SIXTEEN miles of sweetness, and from Narrows to the bay,
A garden of the bloom of life on jasmine lips of May!
Sixteen miles of tender and of gentle life and rest
Upon the bloom-bound borders of the broad bay's rolling
breast:

O island of the dreamer in the land of violet,
A turquoise brooch of beauty with the pink peach blossom set!
Kent Island, sweet Kent Island,
Bound round with tides that sweep
In ribbons of bright silver
From the floods that sing of sleep!

ANTE-BELLUM

OUT of a dwelling on Courtland street,
Dandy and dapper and fine and neat,
Steps a phantom of tender days
That have drifted far in the mist and haze,
With square frock coat and a queer tile hat,
His walking stick and his sheepskin spat—
A shadowy spirit of Baltimore
In the dear old decades before the war!

It is early ten of the old town clock,
So he saunters on to the famous block
Where the Place shines sweet in the morning glow
Of that Baltimore of the Long Ago.
Out of a doorway on Monument west,
With a mauve-lined coat and a sealskin vest,
A fellow-spirit steps forth to greet
His shadowy comrade from Courtland street.

And where shall my dandies go—ah me!—
To spend their leisure till time for tea—
Except for a sherry-cobbler spell
By the bar at Barnum's old hotel?
Or the Maltby House, or the Fountain Inn,
For a pony of rum or a drop of gin;
And maybe a visit, whatever the treat,
To the old Museum on Baltimore street?

Prithee, the afternoon for a rub
With their confrères at the Maryland Club,

ANTE - BELLUM

Or the Athenæum, at Franklin and Charles,
Where in friendly banter and harmless quarrels,
Buchanan's policy, stocks and balls,
The arrogant habits of Jones' falls,
Or the marvelous courage of Mayor Swann
In opening Druid Hill, are talked till dawn!

Maybe at five, for wine and cake,
At Madam Latrobe's for the old time's sake;
Or a ride, full slowly, and not so far,
On the trolley's uncle—the old horse car!
At night the Assembly! or look, forsooth,
There is Edwin Forrest or Junius Booth
Giving a fine old Shakespeare play
At the old Front Street in its palmy day!

Coaches home o'er the Charles street hill;
Night, with the revel of sweet days still;
The silvery moon on Mount Vernon Place
Peeping through windows of curtaining lace
At love's good-night to the lips of sheen,
With his arm stretched out o'er her crinoline
To reach the tapering lips upheld
For the courtly touch of his lips, dream-spelled!

Gentle dandies and damsels fair
In the shadowy Baltimore 'way back there,
From Courtland street, and Monument west,
With spats and tile and the sealskin vest,
In nights of dreaming, how good to see
Your gentle spirits of gleam and glee

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Go in and out of the vineclad door
Of the dear old decades before the war!

CHARLES STREET IN THE FALL

OH, to be on Charles street, on Charles street in the fall,
To walk between the fountain and the shadow of
St. Paul!

Oh, to be on Charles street with other hearts that go
Beneath the golden weather and the dreamy autumn glow!
Good-day to all sweet faces and all sweet eyes that gleam
When Charles street floats in glory of the golden autumn
dream!

A tender charm has Charles street when brown-hat time is
here,

And in her purple velvets walks my Lady Vere de Vere,
When Madame in her Stanhope to a Colonel on the stroll
Makes a stately salutation with her lorgnette lifted droll;
When little giggling ladies to the candy shops resort,
And with a silver handle on his light cane walks the sport!

Be sure to come to Charles street, to Charles street in the
ray

Of afternoons of beauty in the heart of autumn day;
A merry place is Charles street when brown-hat times are
here

And in her purple velvets walks my Lady Vere de Vere,
While all the giggling maidens, and all the elder beaux,
Attend the call of Charles street in their brown October
clothes!

THE CARDINAL'S YARD

THE CARDINAL'S YARD

A HYACINTH out in the Cardinal's yard?
The tulips in ring and in row?
The daffodils dancing their bonnets starred
Soft with the saffron glow?
Then it is spring, indeed,
Then it is spring in town,
In that street so sweet
Where the bright throngs meet
And the traffic goes up and down.

The catkins out on the Cardinal's trees?
The poplars ready to bud?
Up, to the tune and the tang of the breeze,
With the springtime in the blood!
For it is spring no doubt,
Harbingers fail not there
In that quiet nook
Where with scroll and book
The spirit is taking the air.

The wind may whistle a little while,
And March may roar its best,
But ever the soul of the spring doth smile
Where the Cardinal takes his rest,
If he has hyacinths, then,
Never you mind the cold,
From that central sun
Like a bloom 'twill run
From the jonquil's chalice of gold.

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Patiently waiting the throng swings by,
And threading its path his Grace
Comes in the afternoon for a try
Of the sun in the sweet old Place.
Suddenly, some one stops,
And there in the quaint old beds—
Though the blast blows hard—
In the Cardinal's yard
The tulips are bobbing their heads.

MARYLAND GARDEN

WHAT is Maryland but a garden for the first born of
today—

A golden, gleaming garden from the mountains to the bay;
A dreaming, drowsing garden with an ever-blooming rose
On her cheeks of velvet beauty and her lips of calm repose?

Maryland garden, Maryland garden,
Round and over sweet with sweet
Of the dew on morning hillsides
And the gleam of wave-washed feet!

What is Maryland but a garden?—Ah, beloved, what a land
For the dancing of the spirit and the clasping of the hand;
For the bloom o' morning glory and the dusk-wing on the hill,
Where the Bob White joins the chorus of the plaintive whip-
poorwill!

Maryland garden, Maryland garden,
Let me clasp and let me cling,
Oh, my dream of world and wonder,
To thy April heart of spring!

MARYLAND GARDEN

What is Maryland but a garden? And we love it and we
sing

Of its orchard lands of summer and its berry fields of spring;
Of its harvest leagues of autumn and its winters of delight,
With the sleighbells jingling silvery down the amaranthine
night:

Maryland garden, Maryland garden,
Where are roses such as thine,
By the gates that lure the lovers
And the porches of the vine!

What is Maryland but a garden of the wondrous gift of
grace

Which the Maker of all gardens shined upon with morning
face?

What is Maryland but a garden, where with lessening haste
and strife,

We have grown the bloom of beauty for the lifting up of
life?

Maryland garden, Maryland garden,
On thy hills and 'neath thy trees
Morning blows on crystal bugles
Life's eternal melodies!

SEPTEMBER TIDE

FLOOD tide on the marshes and the Susquehanna flats,
The reedbirds fat as butter and the damp air full of
gnats,
A popping in the wild oats where the smoothbores bang their
best,
And Mr. Reed Bird folding both his wings and gone to rest;
September tide in Maryland,
With the blackbirds in the corn,
And the wild oats filled with gunners
Where the gray mists drape the morn!

A light skiff and a negro with a long pole in his hand,
A green world and a quiet where the deep marsh binds the
land,
The belching of a battery and a smoke-wreath curling on,
Where Mr. Rail Bird flutters and his warm blood streaks
the dawn:
September tide in Maryland,
Oh, pole dat boat along,
The whispering winds bring morning
And a far lark's lonesome song!

Chin deep at old Elk Landing, and the ripples lave the dike
Where in the sunup shadows in a bateau drifts a tike
Whose tousled head goes bobbing as around the curlews
scoot
And he lifts a muzzle-loader that will kick as far as shoot:

TALKING TALBOT

September tide in Maryland—
Up the river comes the fleet;
The reedbird's fat as butter,
And the railbird's butter-sweet!

A roasted sweet potato and a corn pone on the way,
Pole hard, you lazy Rastus, or we'll drift down to the bay;
Flood tide on the marshes, and the blackbirds in the corn,
The wild oats leagues a-rustle with the breezes of the morn:
September tide in Maryland,
With a bing-bang left and right,
And the great breechloaders roaring,
And the young day dreaming light!

TALKING TALBOT

SPRING is talking Talbot, and the bloom is on the bay,
The winds are whispering Talbot, and it's time to take
the train;
My eyes are full of Talbot, and my heart is far away
Amid the Talbot orchards where the pink peach blossoms
rain:
Spring is talking Talbot, and its Talbot time for me;
Pull in the gangplank, Captain, let us seek the rosy sea!
Spring is talking Talbot unto other ears than mine,
Ah, brothers of the shoreland you are dreaming of her, too;
Her grace of April beauty and her orchards and her vine,
Her rivers singing sweetly and her bending skies of blue!
Spring is talking Talbot in that old bird talk we love—
The stern line's over, Captain, and the stars are bright above!

THE OLD BATEAU

THERE'S an old bateau
On the flats of Chester river,
And it swings o'er the beds
Where the fattest oysters lie;
In the night all the stars
In their beauty shine and quiver,
And a tonger sings a ballad
To the beauty of the sky.
An old bateau,
That they've oystered in forever:
And the low winds in the sails
Sing across the Chester river!

When the ducks come around
On the flats of Susquehanna,
They will take the old bateau
And they'll fly away for fair;
Their heads wrapped up
In a red bandanna,
And the frosty rime of winter
In their yellow locks of hair.
An old bateau,
All the Susquehanna season
It will scout along the blinds
Without compass, rule or reason!

If you love the smell of salt
And the sting of salty weather,

THE STATE HOUSE STAIRS

When the wind's in the west
And the ice is making up,
You will love the old bateau,
As we smoke a pipe together
And drink a toast together
From the rusty toddy cup.
An old bateau,
Just as good as when we bought her,
And the romance in her soul
Of the Chesapeake water!

THE STATE HOUSE STAIRS

WHAT shadows climb, with mincing airs,
Before me up the State House stairs?
What phantoms flit before the sight
All in a dew of dreamy light?
Swart Cavalier, or lace-sleeved squire,
The hill has made His Grace perspire,
But at the top—ah, dear Sir Gruff—
He stops to take a pinch of snuff!

What sessions have we? Who are these
That come with buckles at their knees,
White silken hose and velvet ruffs
And silver latches on their cuffs;
Quaint hats, with brims three-quarter turned,
And cheeks whereon the sun has burned
Red roses of a dream of health,
Or vixen fingers pinched by stealth?

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Glad statesmen, come! I see them climb
From out the shades of olden time.
The barges from their old estates
Toss at the Severn's water gates,
And here with wisdom we shall see
The fate of goodman Stewart's tea:
The spirit of the age is young,
And holy Heaven has fired the tongue!

What sparks trip here, what maids glance there,
Ah, phantoms of the State House stair!
What dames from Duke of Gloucester street
Their shadows of the old days meet,
And talk plantation, or the chase,
Or watch with ever-changing face
The masters of the fate of kings
Stoop down to lace their doublet strings!

Hi-day! the State House on the hill
Looks o'er the silvery Severn still,
As in those rosy hours of dream
When Richard Carvel crossed the stream!
And as they go, where rose-light glares—
Those shadows on the State House stairs—
Still in the windows drift forlorn
Faint echoes of the huntsman's horn!

Ta-lara! I shall see them now
Dispose of things of state, somehow,
And spring to horse, while hearts unlock,
With feathers in their hats a-cock,

THE HONEYMAN

As o'er the hills and far away
The voices of the bugles say:
"The fox uncovers! Ride, ride, ride!"
And there they go by Severn tide!

THE HONEYMAN

CUBES of sweet from dews of sun
On a stall in Lexington!
Scented still with breath of clover
Which the busy bees roamed over—
Here it waits till some one buys
All it holds of bloom and skies,
Far-off fields and lanes of gleam
Where winged beauty dreams her dream!

"Here's your honey, spick and span!"
Cries the red-cheeked honeyman;
But he recks not what he sells
In that comb of amber spells;
Little dreaming how it brings
Songs of summer, flash of wings,
Meadows drowsing, hills serene,
Round the dewy dells of green!

Oh, the honey, dripping down
On a market stall in town!
Mr. Honeyman, here's money,
Not because you sell me honey,
But because the comb I buy
Brings the blue of bloom and sky,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

And the sound and scent and sight
Of belov-ed peace and light!

Honey white and honey yellow,
Fit for Prince or Punchinello;
Clover honey, dew of amber,
Where the wild vines creep and clamber;
Honey dripping from the comb,
Wrap it up and take it home;
For the honeyman has sold us
Dews that in sweet dreams will fold us!

HINCHLIFFE'S STORE

IF I could have my way, proud world,
The fairy touch, the magic skill,
Not all thy banners o'er me furled
Could tempt my feet like Partridge Hill;
Could lure me here or lead me there,
As do the dreams of days of yore,
When boyhood's bubbles glimmered fair
Round the old stove in Hinchliffe's store!

The cases where the jew's-harps lay . .
The jackknives and the tops and toys;
The nickel novels, filled with fray
Of Indian warfare's wildwood joys;
The sticks of licorice, gum drops too,
The caramels of days galore,
When, comrades of the dering-do,
We priced things down at Hinchliffe's store!

SNOW UPON THE HILLS

Crowning the "Hollow," there it shone,
The courthouse near, the old hotel,
Dear rendezvous for boyhood fun
And the sweet, necromantic spell;
Baseballs and bats, such tops—ah, me,
The "weeklies" tacked up by the door;
The old stove, and around it, see!
The droppers-in at Hinchliffe's store!

Such shelvesful of delightful things,
Such pipes, such fishing tackle—why,
Give me today youth's magic wings,
There is the one place I would fly!
Back to the old town, sweet and still,
The main street, with its maple lore,
The "Hollow," and the winding hill,
* * * * * And Hinchliffe's store!

SNOW UPON THE HILLS

THE snow is on the Frederick hills, and I can see it shine
All up the slopes of rugged oak and up the steeps of
pine.

Catoctin's breast is white tonight, a mantle soft as dew
Cloaks with the silence of a dream those distant peaks of
blue.

The snow upon the Frederick hills,
The quiet vales, ah me,
Once more their spell upon me thrills
With deathless witchery!

THE OLD CAMPAIGNERS

O 'ER Partridge Hill and up the Hollow,
While Boydom's joy-filled cohorts follow,
They come, the old campaigners there,
With roll of drum and torchlight's glare,
With shoulder capes and caps that shine
Down all the dancing lights in line;
Down Main street 'neath the maple trees—
Hats off to phantoms such as these!

Around the Courthouse now they crowd
To strains of "Hail Columbia" loud,
The old campaigners; there they glow
In fervor of the long ago;
Home-driven doctrines from the stump,
Between the bass drum's thump-a-thump;
The falling leaves, the fanfare sweet
Of marchers in the old Main street!

Away—away—away again,
Those Boydom ranks, those files of men;
Down Partridge Hill and up the Hollow,
While all the lads of old times follow;
Around the Courthouse, up the street,
The music of those marching feet,
The earnest impulse of those ranks,
That festal age of boyhood pranks!

They come, the old campaigners come,
To sound of fife and roll of drum;

DEAR MARYLAND SKIES

Free Soil, or Whig, or what you will,
The line ascends the green old hill,
The torches gleam, the capes are gay,
The oilcloth caps make bright array:
Who's speaking? Ah, that golden fire
Of tongues that flayed the foe with ire!

Hurrah! they're coming. Don't you see
The lads that round the torches flee,
Like junebugs bobbing in a light
Where windows gleam on summer's night!
Up Main street, boys, and down Lort's lane,
And round through Back street, till again
Through High or Bow they reach the hollow,
While o'er the hill the braw lads follow!

DEAR MARYLAND SKIES

NO other skies are like thy skies,
No other blue is like their blue;
No other light so softly lies
As on thy vales of dream and dew;
No other April comes so sweet
Along the hills of faint perfume,
As thine when on her purple feet
She walks as velvet as a bloom:
Dear Maryland skies, dear hills of gold,
Dear valleys of the days of old;
Dear dale and dingle, field and stream
Beneath dear Maryland skies of dream!

ANNAPOLIS

HERE is the city that lies away
Under the shadows of yesterday,
An old-time, quiet, sleepy town,
Where the lanes lead on and the streets dip down
To the silvery sweep of the dreaming tide
Of the Severn, noble and blue and wide,
And love and beauty and romance dwell
In the tender charm of their eerie spell!

Here is the city that came to hand
When the lords of the manor ruled the land,
And they built the houses of brick that came
From English kilns—sweet halls of fame
That stand today as they stood of old
In dreams of glory that hide and fold
The white wide doors and the wainscot-wall
And the fan-light windows and carven hall!

Duke of Gloucester and Prince and King—
Ah, streets that dream 'neath the golden wing
Of quaint, far fancy and ancient pride
Of the pompous burghers and dignified!
Sir Richard Carvel among them there
With his silken hose and his powdered hair,
The lordly Carroll, and Smallwood great,
And Chase of the vast and fine estate!

Here is the city that stays to tell
Of the past, with its dream and charm and spell,

THE PHANTOM SHIP

That holds quaint shadows amid the strife
Of that yesterday with its golden life
Of squire and gentry and chase and dance
To the fiddle tunes of the old romance,
When rose-sweet ladies, with lips rose-red,
Bloomed bright in the gardens whose bloom hath fled!

Here is the city—and let it be
A city of shadows and dreams for me:
Quaint and quiet and sweet and old,
With the age that ripens like mellow gold,
The fruit and flower of its past, its pride,
Its lanes that lead to the Severnside,
Its storied mansions, its still retreat,
Where St. Ann's rests by the circling street!

THE PHANTOM SHIP

A BALTIMORE clipper sailed up last night along the old
seacoast,
And the lookout down by Cape Charles light was sure that
he saw a ghost;
She came full sail at a fair wind gait, and her freeboard cut
the foam,
And she turned in the bay as much as to say: "I'm a Balti-
more boat, bound home!"
A Baltimore clipper sailed up last night
Far out of the bygone years;
And they made her fast in the ports of Light,
A ghost at the phantom piers.

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Her bottom was barnacled deep and wide and up to the water
line,
And the rust on her keel had felt the kiss of the lips of the
world-wide brine,
And her sails had swung in the winds of east and cracked in
the winds of west,
And her belly had laid on the tropic wave where the impudent
mermaids rest:
 A Baltimore clipper, a phantom ship,
 With coffee and spice on board;
 A queen of the world and its seven seas wide,
 Bound home by the grace of the Lord!

A Baltimore clipper sailed up last night to the docks she used
to know,
Lade with molasses from Porto Rique, as oft in the Long
Ago;
Queen of the ships of the merchant trade, and seeking her
cargoes far,
Under the moon of the wild Azore and under the Polar star:
 A Baltimore clipper came up, came on,
 Full sail by the old seacoast,
 And the lookout dreamed till the break of dawn
 That his eyes had seen a ghost!

Merchantmen down at the Indian Queen when Hanover
street was young,
A Baltimore clipper is sighted down by the capes in whose
tides she has swung;
The wharves will rattle with life at dawn, and how they will
barter and sell,

MISS TABBY'S SCHOOL

And down at the Museum spend the night to the song and
the dancer's spell:

A Baltimore clipper, an ocean queen,

Ah, nobly she came last night—

And the grass on Federal Hill is green,

And there's coffee and spice at Light!

MISS TABBY'S SCHOOL

BESIDE the little street it stood,
In shade of elm and maple—
That fountain where our youngsterhood
Quaffed learning's crystal staple.
Beside the dreaming road of dream,
Gray with the weather's staining—
And still its shadowy tenants stream
Through fancy's golden reigning!

Beside its garden and its stile,
Its scented lilac border,
Still little lips of shadow smile
Through playtime's mild disorder;
Beside its vanished dust that spells,
For eyes of magic vision,
Dear shapes that wear the asphodels
In fairylands elysian!

A weather-beaten gray old place,
The schoolroom sweet and quiet,
With just Miss Tabby's gentle face
To frown on mischief's riot;

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

The old desks carved with hearts and darts
And names of half the village,
To prove this school a school of parts
For early mental tillage!

A playground sweet beneath the shade
Of tree and vine and berry,
Where hearts of childhood swung and swayed
Through many a recess merry;
The gentle touch—when woe befell
In playtime romp and grapple—
Of that remembered healing-spell,
Miss Martha's balsam apple!

Beside the road its dust is blown,
Its lichened walls have vanished;
But in our hearts, by memory sown,
Its vision dwells unbanished!
Still up those stairs in childhood's morn
Of hope and song and glory,
I climb, as though 'twere still unborne—
Life's struggle and its story!

Beside its steps old comrades sing,
And little faces glisten,
When memory takes the cord to ring
Lost bells for which we listen;
All down the street the shadows dance
Those bells have called to session
Of dear Miss Tabby's gentle glance
Through lesson after lesson!

THE LILY LADY

Its dust is blown; its day is o'er;
But dreams are so delightful
Of little childhoods, when they pour
The whole, long summer night full!
And bring us back, and leave us there,
With hearts for knowledge yearning,
Beside the teacher's desk and chair
In life's first seat of learning!

THE LILY LADY

I HAVE ta'en the lily hand of this lady for a dance,
Though she be no more than fancy in a region of romance;
With my heart beneath her feet I will let her waltz tonight,
Though she be the merest phantom in a moon of lily light;
I have met her but a moment, I have known her but an hour,
But her beauty sets me burning and her lips are like a flower!
She hath smiled so long unnoticed in this portrait that I hold
That the sunlight of her smiling leaves its tarnish on the gold
Of the little frame around her—so I kneel and take her hand,
Though she be a lily vision in a lane of fairyland;
She shall crush me, she shall slay me, so she lets me linger near
In the shadow of her beauty from a moon of yesteryear!
I have seen her only once, but she lures me with her light;
I have ta'en her lily hand and I've sworn to be her knight;
She shall have her olden manor on the borders of the Wye,
And the silver songs of bugles shall awake again the cry
Of the hunters who have vanished and the hounds that bay
no more
Adown the glens of Talbot and beside the master's door!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Was she dreaming in this portrait? I will wake her: she shall
 come
Where the tinkling banjos murmur and the phantom fiddles
 hum;
Her heart shall bloom with April and her cheeks shall burn
 with May—
Ah, laugh, my lily lady, we have come to yesterday!
Those lips where dust hath drifted, I shall kiss them through
 and through
Till they glow with youthful ardor and are fresh with morn-
 ing dew!

I have ta'en her lily hand, I have brought Her Grace a rose,
And we'll dance in dreams tonight while the silver music
 flows;
This lady of my portrait, in her little burnished frame,
With none to tell her story and with none to breathe her
 name;
Though she be an eerie shadow from a page of old romance,
I have ta'en the lily hand of this lady for a dance!

Blow again, ye silver bugles! Wake, ye mansions by the
 stream!
With my heart beneath her feet she shall dance and I shall
 dream!
Come, ye masters of the manors, and ye gentry of the Wye,
The grace of April morning is a dew within her eye!
I have ta'en her lily hand, and she steps from out her frame,
And my heart is at her service and my soul is burning flame!

STRAWBERRY MAN

STRAWBERRY MAN

STRAWBERRY man's at the backyard gate,
Just as you thought you would sleep till late:
Strawberry, strawberry—yonder he goes,
Strawberry music and strawberry clothes,
Strawberry dreams of the strawberry red
As you banish your stupor and bounce out of bed:
 Strawberry patches and leagues of sky,
 Blue of the world where the bay rolls by;
 Sunshine and shadow, and drifted between
 The quiet old woods with their infinite green.

Strawberry music through alleys of town
When the strawberry man with his wagon comes down;
Fresh from the patches, the dew on the vine,
Up in the morning from old Caroline:
Strawberry, strawberry—ah, what a call,
When down to your dreaming the wings of it fall:
 Strawberry pickers in fields of the day,
 Touched with the charm and the chant of the bay;
 Sing through the alley and hammer the gate,
 Ah, Arab of dream from the gardens of fate!

OYSTER WHARVES AT CRISFIELD

I HEARD a tugboat blowing in the harbor tide of Light,
I saw a bugeye flying like a flying isle of night;
I smelt the old bay blow in a wind of dreaming back,
And down I sailed to Crisfield on the dear old Tangier track.
 The oyster wharves of Crisfield,
 The pungies there that ride:
 The blue bay of the Chesapeake,
 The sweet old Tangier tide!

I heard the shuckers singing in the oyster houses far
Beneath the Tangier glory of the moon and of the star;
I heard the waters lapping at the old wharves far away,
And when the tugboats whistled I was dreaming down the
 bay.
 The oyster wharves of Crisfield,
 Huge shell piles in the sun,
 Where boyhood laughed at trouble
 And turned hardship into fun!

You know that scent of oysters around an oyster town?
It came to me all blowing when the echo drifted down
Of bayboats in the harbor and a Tangier smack, perhaps,
Tied by the piers of Canton where the dark tide swings and
 laps.
 The oyster wharves of Crisfield,
 The hurry there, and life,
 With Tangier's blue tide rolling
 Down the long blue miles from strife!

CAMBRIDGE

The old fleet still goes sailing, the dredges click and clink,
The homebound boats are coming through the twilight now,
I think;
There's life lived rough and ready, and many an oath and
blow,
But Tangier smooths the darkness with the beauty of her
glow.

The oyster wharves of Crisfield,
Through mists of sweet they loom,
Piled high with shells all winter
Crowned with the snow's white bloom!

Whene'er a tugboat whistles, or hoarse-voiced liner toots,
I take the white-winged bug-eye of my dreaming where she
scoots,

And down the old dominion of the blue bay once again
We seek the town of Crisfield and the port of Tangier men.

The oyster wharves of Crisfield,
The shucker's song, the smell,
The Sound's sweet fleet in motion
And the Chesapeake's blue spell!

CAMBRIDGE

SING of the cities by seas of song,
But mine is the Choptank tide,
With Cambridge sitting upon its shore—
Cambridge, the Choptank's bride!
Ah! what nuptials in days of old,
That marriage of town and stream,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

With shadows of beauty to bind them round
With banners and blooms of dream!
Cambridge there on the Choptank shore,
By that noble sheet of water,
Kissed by the lips of the singing sea
Of the Chesapeake's noblest daughter!

Hurry and hasten and what you will,
But finding more beauty and grace,
Ah, where will you gather them under the sun
In any more beautiful place!
Oh! what morning it must have been
When this sweet bride came down
To marry her lord of the living green
Of the gardens of Cambridge town!
Cambridge, there in her growth and pride,
Busy and fine and sweet,
With Sunday, the old and young beside,
For a walk down the old High street!

Come up the river in summer's morn
With the Avalon churning the foam,
With Cambridge facing the rising sun
And smiling to greet you home!
Hambrook's dreaming adown the shore,
Under its noble trees,
And far in the distance the blue bay rolls
To arms of the distant seas!
Cambridge, spunky and up-to-date,
With ever the spirit there

FIELDS OF THE GREEN TOBACCO

Of ancient families and great estates,
And the old, romantic air!

Sing of the cities by seas of song,
But mine be the Choptank river,
With Cambridge sloping to meet the tide,
And the old homes sweet forever!
The water front, with its oyster boats,
And that golden farmland yonder,
Where the beautiful hearts of the country beat
And the dreams of Dorset wander!
Cambridge, beautiful, golden bride
Of the beautiful Choptank water;
And the blue bay singing away, away
Of its love for its beautiful daughter!

FIELDS OF THE GREEN TOBACCO

IN the fields of the green tobacco my heart is away, away,
In the fields of the green tobacco where the winds of the
summer play;
The bloom of the stalks is nodding and over the fields it
glows
Like the first faint pink of morning when it walks on the
feet of rose.
Oh, down in the fields of Calvert,
And under St. Mary's skies,
The world of the green tobacco
In the heart of the summer lies!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

In the fields of the green tobacco they are singing on lips that
croon

The songs of the sainted summers in seas of the isles of June;
The hoers swing to the ditty and the young plants seem to
leap

At the touch of the dew and sunshine from the spell of an
ancient sleep.

Oh, yonder in green Prince George's
And ever on Calvert's strand,
It's the fields of the green tobacco
That glory the fertile land!

Acres of cool, green beauty, noble and stately stalks,
The rich broad leaf of glory, the bloom on the tip that talks
Of suns in a sweetheart summer that stole to the leaf and stem
With glory to kiss to fruitage the flavor that sleeps in them.

Thy fields are in bloom, St. Mary's,
And Calvert's are fine, are fine;
And the dream of the green tobacco
In the fields of the green is mine!

THE OLD MAIN LINE

TWENTY miles from Baltimore, then the world begins,
Like a quiet sacrament after city dins;
Hills upon the left hand, river on the right
Rippling in its rocky bed on the way to light!
Twenty miles from Baltimore, swinging to the west—
All aboard for valley dreams and the lanes of rest;
All aboard for granite hills and the glens of green,
With the lovely waterfalls leaping down between:

THE OLD MAIN LINE

Woodstock, Sykesville, Woodbine and away,
Up and over Parr's Ridge, panting hard for steam;
Frederick Junction, Winchester, then the shadows gray
And the lands of witchery in the vales of dream!

Twenty miles from Baltimore, creeping on we go,
Up the old main thoroughfare of the B. & O.
Winding as the stream winds, trailing through the blue
Of the rifted sky line and the hills of dew:
All aboard for bloomland, curving in and out,
Through the April wheatfields and the orchard rout,
Jonquils in the springtime, and with dainty head
Hepatica to greet you from her clefted rocky bed:
Orange Grove, Ilchester, Gaither's and the hills,
Mount Airy on the summits with the blossoms and the
breeze;
Bartholow's and Ijamsville—now her whistle shrills
Across the muddy river as it windeth to the seas!

Twenty miles from Baltimore, here the daisies shine,
Buttercups and laurelbloom and the columbine;
Miles of mossy lichens, the bluet, and for sure
Arbutus in the melting drift, waxen white and pure:
All aboard for Relay, here's the valley train,
Roaring round the long loops, in and out again;
Plunging in the tunnel-mouth, out and then away
To the golden hilltops of the golden day:
Point of Rocks, Catoctin, Harper's Ferry, ho!
Bounding by the towpath fearlessly and fine,
Through the happy homelands merrily we go,
A hundred miles of beauty on the old main line!

THE RED-CLAY HILLS OF CECIL

THE red-clay hills of Cecil, and the valleys at their feet,
Where cricks and rivers ripple to the broad bay singing
sweet,

The cattle in the bottoms, where the natural meadows lie,
Like the peaceful purple pastures of the land of sunny sky;
The grain fields and the orchards and the marshes of the reed,
Where the old sandpiper whistles and the railbird loves to
feed:

The red-clay hills of Cecil,
Where the crocus starts the spring,
And God's glory walks in blossom
Till frost folds the gentian's wing!

The red-clay hills of Cecil, and the scrub-pine barren lands.
Where the wild blackberries ripen in a world of blistering
sands;

The clean-cut, thrifty homesteads, and the rolling seas of
grain,

Where the summer sifts its sunshine and the green corn drinks
the rain;

The farms beside the river, and the Big Elk gleaming there,
While the brave Sir Peter Parker's ghostly comrades grin and
stare:

The red-clay hills of Cecil
And the lovely leagues between,
Where the smile of nature ripples
Into vales of living green!

THE RED-CLAY HILLS OF CECIL

The red-clay hills of Cecil, and the plateaus stretching fine
Where the happy homes of beauty 'neath the sweet clematis
shine:

The mill wheels singing merry by the streams that saunter
down

To the dreamy boatyard landing and the wharves of old
Frenchtown;

The song of Octaroro and the school at Nottingham,
And the mem'ry of old Marley, with the wastegate and the
dam:

The red-clay hills of Cecil,
Where the hope of youth revives,
And the lips of love are calling
Down the dales of happy lives!

The red-clay hills of Cecil and the Blue Ball road for me,
The old Bohemia Manor and the picnic groves of glee;
Brick Meeting House; and yonder, with its far-off signal
light,

A Philadelphia steamer up the old canal at night;
The old Principio furnace, and the broad-based granite hill,
With its head at Port Deposit and its feet at Perryville:

The red-clay hills of Cecil,
And in March beneath the snow
The frail arbutus blossom,
With its faint pink lips a-blow!

The red-clay hills of Cecil—call me back again, again,
O sweet, old Cecil voices, with your tender heart-refrain!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

The cattle in the meadows and the uplands waving sweet
With the rolling, golden billows of the heavy-headed wheat;
The cricks that turn the mill wheels, and from Plum Point
to the bay

A song of dreamful summers in the lanes of boyhood day:
The red-clay hills of Cecil,
And a towhead whistling down
Where the moonbeams of the fairy
Light his path into the town!

BENEATH THE TREES OF DRUID HILL PARK

BENEATH the trees of Druid Hill Park,
That cloistral shade, how fine
The old seclusion of the wood,
The greenness of the vine!
Beneath the oaks that talk of time
As if an age were nought,
And light was but a fleeting breath,
And joy a passing thought.

Beneath the trees of Druid Hill Park,
What noble friends they are;
Set in their silence and their peace
From strife and conflict far!
They stretch gaunt arms as if to say
Come, brother, let us walk,
And, oh, how sweet their fluttering leaves
Unto the sunlight talk!

BENEATH THE TREES

Beneath the trees of Druid Hill Park
'Tis always Sunday morn,
And far amid the forest depths
An Oberon sounds his horn.
The fairies hear, the fairies come,
Or well it might be so,
For underneath these sheltering boughs
Are swards the fairies know.

Beneath the trees of Druid Hill Park,
Oh, doth not care depart,
And joy come dancing o'er the lea,
And merry grow the heart!
Beyond this peace the city lies
With all its strife and trouble,
But here the trees are green and glad
And gay the fountains bubble.

Beneath the trees of Druid Hill Park,
Oh, such a spell of rest!
With such a sweet and green retreat
Were ever city blest!
The birds rejoice from branch to branch,
The gentle beasties play,
And all the crust of cark and care
Is but as yesterday!

FROSTBURG

HOW they began it I cannot say,
But they started a path and it ran away
Till it climbed the hill at the mountain's feet,
And it grew from a path to a little street
Where ever and ever so long ago
In the dawn's and the twilight's gentle glow
The miners crept—with their head-lamps burning—
To the mine-mouths far in the mountain's turning,
Looking for all the world like eyes
Moving along 'twixt the fields and skies.

How you get up to it, on my word,
It's likely you fly, like a mounting bird;
For, ever the trolley winds up the hill
Through a gap all grand and a gorge all still,
By a farm all golden with garnered grain,
And a blue ridge yonder, a bird's refrain,
A crystal torrent, a mud-stained funnel
Where the water pours out of the great mine-tunnel,
Emptying its saffron and sulphur-stained stream
In the cups of the valleys of mist and dream.

Still on the trolley, and still we rise,
Till it's just reach out and you'll touch the skies;
Then all of a sudden it's right straight up
And we've climbed clear over the rim of the cup,
And there—by the Great Taskmaster's will—
We have come to a city upon a hill,

THE HILLS OF HOWARD

And the broad, live streets of a clean, fine town
Where the blue skies bend so gently down.
And there in his mighty and masterful way
Old Savage stands guard at the gates of day!

THE HILLS OF HOWARD

THE wintry hills of Howard,
The granite ridges there,
The old sweet hills whose springs and rills
Go rippling everywhere.
Green in the garb of summer.

Brown in the autumn glow,
And cold and drear, but, oh, so dear,
My hills of drifted snow!

The grand old hills of Howard,
The sweet old verges, tipt
With stately trees, where melodies
Of streams sing silver-lipt.
Far on they swerve in grandeur,
Where stratas, fold on fold,
Have reared these peaks whose splendor speaks
In visions as of gold.

The rock-girt hills of Howard,
The deep, gray knobs of flint,
The spurs that shine in serried line
When sunset splendors glint.
Flow on, dear stream, beneath them,
Around and o'er and through—

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Oh, flashing stream of spray and beam
With broad boughs over you!

The ancient hills of Howard,
So old, so bleak, so hoar,
On whose sharp steeps the wind-cloud sweeps,
The blasts break fierce and frore.
The gentle slopes and rises,
With sweet vales in between,
Where in the spring the sunbeams bring
The glory of the green!

The romance hills of Howard,
The home of romance-gleam,
The haunts that hold the fairy gold,
That dream the fairy dream.
Their sweet old lambent beauty,
Their soft old grace that shines
In brake and brea and windy way,
Wherein the woodbine twines!

The fine old hills of Howard,
That lift sublime and steep;
The gray old rocks that meet the shocks
Deep in their granite deep;
Grand in their rugged beauty,
Soft in their summer glow,
And cold and drear, but, oh, so dear,
My hills of drifted snow!

DEER CREEK VALLEY

I SAW it in the afternoon
Of June.

In its loveliness it lay
Down the heart of golden day,
And the fields of ripened wheat,
And the new-mown clover hay,
Waving in the wind and heat
Like an ocean of the faery
Seemed so beautiful and airy,
And so sweet!

Here a bridge and there a ford,
Then a sward,
And a living checkerboard
Of green fields in serried order
Running round the valley's border,
With the cattle switching flies
In the pastures, and the skies
Filled with galleons of foam
Where the cloud-ships scurried home,
And afar that perfect spell
Of the silver, sleepy tinkling
Of a bell,
Where the sheep across the meadow
Moved in flocks of fleecy shadow
Through the dell.

In the golden dream I heard
Every ripple's whispered word,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

And I saw the active people
In the little town whose steeple
Rose above the tallest trees
Move in green utilities.
There were little homes of dove
In the clustered groves of love,
 And the slopes,
And I knew at many a gate
There were sweetheart lips to wait,
 Singing tropes.

Every now and then a wreath
Rose in smoke from fires beneath
Little hillsides—there a lane
Bowered in wildness twisted through
Many a bloomy dell of dew,
And a white road, where a wain
Rolled to market in the dusk,
Wound in miles of fairy musk
Through the glad, sweet country down
 To some town.

Sylvan beauty here expressed
In the silver speech of rest,
 I am happy that it lay
 Like a dream before my way
In that golden afternoon
 Of the June!
For the camera of my heart
Caught the picture, whole and part,

LOVE POINT

And forever—with self pity—
Mid the roaring, dusty city,
I shall see the distant vision
Of that vale of joy Elysian,
Where the happy people dwell
In the golden beauty-spell
Of the little creek, the lane,
Slopes of green, and old refrain
Of the music of the spheres
Drowning out the clambering noise
Of our Babylonian joys,
 And the rippling through the years
 Of immitigable tears!

LOVE POINT

HERE comes the steamer, the lovers are here,
Jack with his daisy and John with his dear;
Soft crabs for dinner and, oh, what a dream,
Peachcake for supper, and then the ice-cream!
Red roses fair on her cheeks of rose-red,
And these are the words that her true lover said:
 “Good-by” to the city,
 To Love Point away;
The wind’s on the water,
 The boat’s on the bay!
From toil and from trouble
 Lighthearted we’ll glide,
With lunch in a basket,
 A girl at my side!”

ELK LANDING

A LONG brown lane to the end of things,
With a ribbon of river that sings and sings,
That winds through the marshes and curves and sweeps
Where a phantom ship of the forties creeps;
A long brown lane and a barefoot dreamer
Bound for the berth of the Baltimore steamer,
To sit on the piles and the tumbled pier
And hear it again in a far-off year
Churn the channel by dike and fen
To old Elk Landing and back again!

An old warehouse with its walls grown gray
In the moss and the mold of yesterday,
Storied stones that were once a marker
For the cannoneers of Peter Parker,
For the British shells and the chainshot round
That rattled the reeds where Frenchtown frowned,
That tore through timbers and kicked the dust,
And are buried now in a rime of rust,
While a barefoot lad still leans and listens
To the granther tales with an eye that glistens!

A world of green where the calamus grows
And the winding fork of the Big Elk flows;
A wooden bridge and a road of vine
That stretches down in a dream of mine
To the old, old world of a boyhood's fancy
On the deck of the good canal boat Nancy—

ELK LANDING

Lost long since, and more's the pity,
In the locks, perhaps, at Chesapeake City,
Or creeping still—as a ghost ship will—
By the old berm bank at Blue Ball hill!

A dreamy lane where the blooms lead down
A mile and a mile and a mile from town;
Where the old wharf drones in the summer sun
And the British come with their nine-pound gun
Where bold Sir Peter Parker spat
And looked hellfire 'neath his cockade hat;
And the cannon roar—and the past goes by
In a page of dream for a dream-lad's eye,
By the pier and the post where the dear, deep stream
Winds round and round through the reeds of dream!

A mansion house and a hollyhock gate,
Where the phantoms of old, old childhood wait;
A sound of hammers on iron and steel
Where they bend the ribs and lay the keel
In the shipyard piled with cypress knees,
And piled with dreams of the silver seas,
Of the old-time boats and the old-time place
At the end of the long brown lane of grace—
That long brown lane where the marshes bend
And the feet of a lad unto dreamland wend!

SPRING IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND

SPRING in Southern Maryland—why, it comes before
you know,
And all the garden borders with the daffy-dillies' glow;
The robins on the old lawn hop so straight, as if possesst
To show off all the splendor of their lovely crimson vest;
While down Patuxent river in a little painted boat
Toward the dreams of fishing all the fishing-dreamers float:
Spring in Southern Maryland—
Wake and call me once again,
Oh, spring in Calvert county
In the land of gentlemen!

The grass as green as Junetime, and along the gardenwalk
The hyacinths all blooming, while around you rings the talk
Of the mocking bird and redwing! Take my hand, take my
hand,
And let me drift to springtime down in Southern Maryland,
To gaze adown the garden and the sloping fields off there
Where the long brown furrows open to the plowman's steady
share:
Spring in Southern Maryland,
And across the furrows sweet
The old Patuxent winding
Where the blue bay comes to greet!

Beyond the curving hollow, oh, the beauty of the scene,
The hazy hills of magic in St. Mary's world of green,

CHARLES STREET

A glimpse through fairy vistas where the feet of spring have
trod

Right down in all her glory from the Paradise of God
To turn this world of beauty into Paradise for those
Who love life's simple beauty in its gardens of the rose:
Spring in Southern Maryland,
Where Patuxent rolls along,
With the Drum Point harbor gleaming
And the sweet hills sweet with song!

Spring in Southern Maryland—why, it's there before you
know,

With sweet Miss Jonquil hiding underneath the heavy snow,
And joy once more returning on the lips of bee and bird
In spring's divine elation of the sweetest music heard
In all this world of glory, as the redhead taps the tree
To give the springtime signal to the violets and me:
Spring in Southern Maryland—
Take me with you, breeze and flower,
To the shores of old Patuxent
And its quiet garden bower!

CHARLES STREET

ITS heart is in Mount Vernon Square,
Its head in the green wood;
Its feet are stretched along the ways
Where swarms the foreign brood;

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

A modicum of Bon Marche,
That sublimated store—
And O the treasure that we have
In Charles street, Baltimore!

I love to watch the moving throng,
The afternoon parade;
The coaches rolling home to tea,
The young man and the maid;
The gentlemen who dwell in clubs,
The magnates of the town—
Oh, Charles street has a smile for them,
And never wears a frown!

The little shops, so cool and sweet;
The finesse and the grace
Which mark the mercantility
Of such a market place;
And then beyond the tempting stores
The quietness that runs
Into the calm and stately square,
With marble denizens.

The little and the larger stores
Are tempting to be sure;
But they are only half the charm
That Charles street holds to lure;
For here and there along the way,
How sweet the homes befall—

CHARLES STREET

The domicile that holds his Grace,
The gentle Cardinal.

The mansions with pacific mien
Whose windows say: "Come in!"
The touches of colonialness,
The farness of the din
That rolls a city league away,
And leaves this dainty street
A cool and comfortable spot,
Where past and present meet.

A measure of *la boulevard*,
Before whose windows pass
The madam and the damoisel,
The gallant and the lass;
The gravest and the most sedate,
The young and gay it calls,
And, oh, how proper over it—
The shadow of St. Paul's!

Dip down the hill and well away,
The southward track it takes:
O fickleness, how many quips,
How many turns it makes!
But ever in its greensward heart,
From head to foot we pour
The homage of our love of it—
Dear Charles street, Baltimore!

OCTOBER ON THE HARFORD HILLS

OCTOBER on the Harford hills in mist of gold comes
by,

A phantom of the golden day that wanders from the sky,
Far ladders from the heavenly blue are dropped for her and
swung

As sweet her amber footsteps fall from golden rung to rung.
October where the Deer Creek calls,
The Deer Creek valleys creep,
And there a distant bird song falls,
Or tinkling bells of sheep.

October on the Harford hills in beauty all her own
Brings back in panoply of dream the beauty that has flown,
Brings back the shadow rose of June, in Harford's hair so
sweet,

The twinkle of the flying hours around her velvet feet.
October where the green vale lies
In little bowls carved there
To hold God's bubble of the skies,
His wild wine of the air.

October on the Harford hills, I see it tripping down
Beside the little brook that flows below the little town;
The homes are hidden in the trees, the trees are fronded fire,
And whistling to his homeward cows the yoeman's at the
byre.

October where the sweet life goes
On quiet rounds of good,

SHANGHAIED

And nature over clean hearts throws
Her spell of solitude.

October on the Harford hills comes clad in skirts of mist,
And on her lips the pearls of dew, her eyes are amethyst;
Her kirtle is a maple leaf to glory burned, and bright
The buckles of her sunny shoon that dance the morning light.

October where the woods exhale
A balsam wild and sweet,
And while the moonlight waxes pale
The vestal fairies meet.

SHANGHAIED

*THIS is the tale of a shanghaied man as he gave it to me to
tell,
Because he was sure he'd forgotten God and didn't care much
for hell.*

“Oh, drunk, or sober and stupid,” he said,
“I never shall know the which,
But they picked me up like a thing long dead,
From a bench and a curb and a ditch;
They flung me down in a smoke-grimed hold,
And I heard her engines jump,
And I knew we were off by her piston's cough
And the thud of her sidewheel thump.

“I never knew much, but I knew less than
Than I ever had known before,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Except we were seven as onery men
As ever lay bound on a floor;
And we snored and groaned and grunted and rolled,
Till they carried us out in a pile,
Where we lay stark stiff to the night stark cold
On a wharf at Tilghman's Isle!

"A negro captain whose bug-eye lay
At anchorage dark in the cove—
Aboard, all hands, ere the break of day!
Awake, with the wrath of Jove!
Awake, from the dope and the nasty dream,
Aching and stiff and sore,
With fourteen weeks of it, stream to stream,
Ere they freeze us and put us ashore!

"Starved and naked and lost and far
From Potomac beds to the Sound,
With a cuff from the end of a windlass bar,
And a 'work, you lazy hound!'
Oaths that rattled against the sky,
From mouths that had never prayed,
And the murderous hand and the bloodshot eye
Of your gentleman unafraid!

"Dredge chains' rattle, the frozen spume,
Knuckles cracked open and red,
And a crazy kind of a dream of bloom
In a crazy kind of a head.
Lies and blasphemy, meat that walked,
Bread that was all but stone,

WHEN THE BAY BOATS BLOW

And the horrible hunger for sleep that stalked
Through blood and muscle and bone!

“Shanghaied? Oysters? The Chesapeake Bay?
Lord, it will be my death—
That steamer’s hold and that frozen spray,
That fetid and fearsome breath!
The negro captain with freckled hide,
We stiffs on the wharf in a pile,
And the steamboat off with her lines untied
From the piers at Tilghman’s Isle!”

*This is the tale of a shanghaied man as he gave it to me to tell—
And it isn’t much wonder he had forgot and didn’t care much
for hell!*

WHEN THE BAY BOATS BLOW

HOARSE-VOICED trumpeters, deep-mouthed singers,
Bloom-breath bearers and bay-dream bringers,
Here at my window I hear them blow—
Shrill-lipped tugs with their basin tow;
Three-decked liners, that sleep at Light
Till the tide swings up to the sills of night;
Richmond packet and Norfolk steamer,
Yonder a slim, white, Old Point dreamer,
A Philadelphia twenty-mile flyer—
Blow, sweet ships, while my heart takes fire,
Up at my window to hear you blowing,
Till I must and I shall and I will be going!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Hark! that rumble, deep, hollow—a roiler
With a growl deep down in the depth of its boiler.
List, a staccato, like piping of pleasure,
Of a river reed to a bell-buoy measure.
That's light music, a tug's shrill lipping,
Over the tide with a sand-barge tripping,
But yon deep tremolo, down to the knees,
Is out of a red-funneled hulk of the seas,
Talking in thunder to tell my ear
A seven-sea bunker has steamed in here,
Barnacled, battered—I know her story
Of winds in a wild, green world of glory!

Blow, light ditties; and blow, grim roarers,
Spitfire tugs and the huge bay snorers!
Here by my window high o'er the street
The bay boats blow me a music sweet;
Choptank freighter or Richmond packet,
Echoing up out of Light, with its racket;
Hoarse-throated steamers and deep-mouthed screamers,
Shrill-lipped launches and Rock Creek dreamers;
Up from the river or down from Pratt,
With a wild high C or a grum B flat;
Lazaretto or Canton Hollow—
Wild heart, up! let us up and follow!

Yesterday, here in the central roar,
Where the tides of the streets of the city pour,
White ships, dark ships, many a-row,
Here in my window I heard them blow—

THE SUNSET HILLS OF FREDERICK

Light-voiced singers or bass-note fellows,
Opening wide like a steam-blown bellows;
Home to the pier heads, off and a-swing
To ports of dream in the lands of spring;
Joppa, Avalon, Tangier, merry,
From golden gardens of fruit and berry;
Pocomoke, Cambridge—blow, blow sweet,
While I dream by my window at German street!

THE SUNSET HILLS OF FREDERICK

THE sunset hills of Frederick—I see them in my dream,
The valleys of the velvet bloom and of the winding
stream;

The ridges of Catoctin sweet in the twilight west,
And at their feet the happy town where hearts of dreaming
rest:

The sunset hills of Frederick,
Ah, glow, dear dream, again,
As to and fro my way I go,
Mid other times and men!

I hear young voices laughing where dancers in the night
Swing to the tune of silvery June far up on Braddock Height;
Far down the dream town sparkles, the June time stars are
sweet,

And love is in the moonlight spell with moonbeams 'neath
her feet:

The sunset hills of Frederick,
They call, and I am there,
Wild as of old in June time's gold
Of hill and stream and air!

IN DIXIE

THE SHADE OF LEE

WHERE heroes keep Valhalla, there,
On shores of death and dream,
Where shadowy swords of valor still
Retain their ancient gleam;
Where stalk the shapes of strength and might,
In that great company
Of splendid dead who nobly lived,
Abides the shade of Lee.

In every balmy breeze that blows
Across the Southland's hills,
In every meadow where the rose
Its fragrant essence spills;
In every homestead, every heart
That honored him in life,
It moves and lives and has its shrine—
That shade of stately strife.

On every field where valor trod,
His footstep still today,
To listening ears, with echoing tread
Moves on its peerless way;
In every hope that memory holds
Invincible and dear,
His name, his fame, his glory dwell,
With splendor hovering near.

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

In vales of sleep, eternal sleep,
Where shadows of the dead
Upon the shores of silent seas
In sad procession tread,
That shade men love who love the just—
Commingling with the great—
Moves with the conscious will that holds
Death's high and pure estate.

In every hour of living force
His grand example bides,
Of courage, valor, wisdom rare,
The modesty that hides
The hero in the hero's deed,
The soldier in the man—
For in his veins the soldier blood
Of dauntless courage ran.

Then, though the vast Valhalla claims
His hero form alway,
The spirit from its far abode
Revisits us today.
In every flower of every field,
In every mount and mart,
The hero of the South is tombed
In every Southern heart.

Unfurl the flag, the sword unsheath,
To deck him and salute!
Ah, splendid 'mid the splendid dead!
Ah, lips with dust so mute!

OLD FRIENDS FROM VIRGINIA

Where stalk the shapes of strength and might,
In Death's great company
Of noblest dead who nobly lived,
It moves—the shade of Lee!

OLD FRIENDS FROM VIRGINIA

OLD friends from Virginia—you know how it is!
They've come to do shoppin', and first thing, gee-
whizz!

They drop in to see you and say howdy-do,
And your heart gets to thumpin', because it's the blue
Of the hills of Virginia, the gleam of her seas,
They bring along with 'em, these neighbors of Lee's!

Old friends from Virginia—such hearty, sweet grace
In the light of their eyes and the smile of their face!
And first thing you're talkin' old Fauquier, perhaps,
Or Clarke, or loved Loudoun, and dreamin' of gaps
Where the sweet Shenandoah sings down to the sea
Through the valleys of home where the heart sings of Lee!

Some up from Staunton, from Petersburg some,
A friend from Front Royal, or mebbe a chum
From down in old Danville—Oh, comfortin' sight
That glow of old times in their eyes of delight,
And the glimpse it all brings you of valley and stream
In the dear old Virginia you dream of in dream!

Old friends from Virginia—come up fer a day
To shop a bit, mebbe and take you away

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

With touch of old handshake and how-do to skies
Above the sweet valley where Winchester lies,
And the river still ripples and sings to the sea
Through the gates of the hills of the loved land of Lee!

Old friends from Virginia—they're welcome, di-pen!
For the women are women, the men are real men.
And they know you'll be happy to have 'em drop in,
Because—presto change!—in the midst of the din
Of the city, the office, the street and the mill,
You're down in Virginia, where love leads you still!

SHENANDOAH

IN thy valleys, O Virginia, where the shadows of the gray
Move with weary banners folded, Shenandoah rolls away;
Rolls away, rolls away, Shenandoah rolls along,
In her heart a runic ripple, on her lips a liquid song;
Foaming, splashing, leaping, dashing, winding wild and
sweeping free,
With the music of her waters laughing sunward to the sea;
Singing all the way she goeth
Of the beauty that she knoweth,
Singing, ringing where she floweth,
With the sunbeams of the summer on her breast—
Shenandoah, Shenandoah,
Shenandoah-doah-doah
Silvery singer, singing down the dales of rest!

S H E N A N D O A H

Silvery singer, bearing roses from the gardens of the rose,
Shenandoah through the valleys of the phantom armies flows;
Flows away, flows away, singing sweetly, ringing clear
With the voice of saddened mem'ry and the canticles of cheer,
Leaping, sweeping, out of Dixie, where the softest shadows'
lie

And the fishers of the ripples watch the blackbass take the fly:
All her crystal current falling,
Beamy, bright and gayly brawling,
Liquid echoes to her calling
Where Potomac leaps to kiss her on the mouth—
Shenandoah, Shenandoah,
Shenandoah-doah-doah,
Bride of beauty from the altars of the South!

Bride of beauty from the valleys of the land of Dixie dear,
Where the muffled flutes are blowing and the war drums
wake the tear:

Where the ragged regimentals of the weary lads and worn
Go up the hills of glory to the love-lips of the morn;
Go up the violet valleys and the ladders of the rose
To rest through fadeless summers in the Master's garden
close:

Rushing, gushing, swinging, swaying,
Round the rugged rocks delaying,
Always singing, always praying,
Pours the river of the ripple and the gleam—
Shenandoah, Shenandoah,
Shenandoah-doah-doah,
Winding down the granite vestibules of dream!

ONANCOCK

THE laughing king of Accomac was wild with laughter-gee,
His realm between the Chesapeake and ocean shore to
see.

He laughed for fields and forests and the cots beneath the
vine,

For blossoms of Virginia and the balsam groves of pine:

But if he'd seen Onanacock,

With its clustered homes of rest,

He'd laugh until the ripples

Broke in billows on his breast!

The creek is singing softly, and the Pocomoke is there,
Bound down from piers of Pratt street to the soft Virginia air;
She's left her freight at Crisfield, and along the narrow tide
She seeks the sweet Onancock as a sailor seeks his bride:

She seeks the sweet Onancock,

Through the little creek that sings

A song of deathless summers

In a land of deathless springs!

Potato fields and onions, and a happy folk to dwell
In glory of their labor 'neath the sweet Virginia spell.
An old Colonial mansion, with its bricks of English mold,
Whose doors are opened for you with a heart and hand of
gold:

A welcome to Onancock,

Ah, they smile it, and you know

They mean it by the sunbeams

That upon their faces glow!

A MOTHER OF VIRGINIA

The laughing king of Accomac, no wonder that he laughed!
A figure in old legend, that his tribesmen may have chaffed—
He knew the gates of wonder opened here upon a land
Sweet with Virginian beauty from Onancock to the strand:
 And if he'd seen Onancock,
 Oh, my heart, he'd see it yet,
 With the sweet creek winding yonder
 And the homes one can't forget!

A MOTHER OF VIRGINIA

TH**E**R**E** is no word but sweetheart to fit her sweetheart
 grace,
The valor of her spirit and the sunshine of her face.
The red rose decked her bridal, and the white rose soon or late
Will dream upon her stainless breast beside the marble gate.
 A mother of Virginia,
 Her great heart beating still
 To watch the gray ranks filing
 Where the battle bugles trill!

She dreams amid her memories all the golden autumn days,
She dreams of childhood fancies in the porch of bloomy Mays;
A mother of brave soldiers that in shadowy rank she sees
Go down the pleasant valleys where they joined the boys
of Lee's.

 A mother of Virginia,
 Her great hopes round her yet
In dust of green mounds yonder
 That the soul cannot forget!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

For her no tattered banner falls from its broken staff,
For her the great war bugles in their magic music laugh;
Her heart still beats for Dixie and she still prays through the
 night

For God's grace to her children that have gone to face the
 fight.

 A mother of Virginia,
 In her doorway still she stands,
 Love's red rose at her bosom
 And the old flag in her hands!

She tends the old-time garden just as she used to do
When years were fresh with sunshine and the rosy roads
 were new;

The musket o'er the mantle and the sword beside the bed
Still speak to her through dreaming of the brave hearts of
 the dead.

 A mother of Virginia,
 Oh, wound beyond the years,
 Her gray lips smile forever,
 Though they smile today through tears!

By yonder gate of roses she sees them go again,
The dust clouds o'er the gray ranks of the fearless Dixie men;
A "Good-by, mother!" echoes up the long street to her soul,
And far on hills of morning she can hear the war drums roll.

 A mother of Virginia,
 Still sweet with smiles to see
 The vanguard of the phantoms
 In the dreamborn ranks of Lee!

BOLIVAR

BOLIVAR

BOLIVAR bows good morning with the wave of an oaken tree,

As it sits in a dream of glory at the gates of the land of Lee;
The Heights of Maryland answer, with a shadow from snowy crest

On the ripples of broad Potomac with its sunbeam-cinctured breast:

Bolivar bows good morning,
Maryland Heights replies;
And morning is sweet below them,
And sweet in the bending skies.

Bolivar's brow is rugged, Bolivar's face is calm,
Stung by the storms of ages, laved by the April balm;
Watching beside his rivers, dreaming beside the bed
Where the confluent currents murmur and the lips of the streams are wed:

Bolivar, brown and rugged;
Maryland Heights, serene;
And the silver of wedded waters
Ribboning down between.

Bolivar's Harper's Ferry is climbing from street to street
Out of the beautiful valley with the steel trains at its feet;
Far in the dreamy morning, mingled with mist and snow,
A jet of steam from an engine winding a curve below:

Bolivar, crowned with beauty,
Lofty, and fine, and free,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Guarding with granite grandeur
The gates of the land of Lee.

VIRGINIA'S FIELDS OF AUTUMN

VIRGINIA'S fields of autumn—ah, days of gold walk
there,
A bevy of October ghosts on phantom feet they fare;
Through vales of Shenandoah, o'er hill and peak they fly,
Sweet dancers on the feet of dream beneath a dawn-dew sky:
Drift down, dear dreams of glory,
Those old plantations call,
And fair, I know, those loved fields glow—
Virginia in the Fall!

I hear the partridge drumming and the field doves skirl and
rise;
The warm, wide Indian summer in the glades of Orange lies,
Potomac laughs through Loudoun and along the golden way
The song of Shenandoah sings its sweetness through the day:
Virginia's fields of autumn,
Tonight the moon walks there,
And beam by beam each little dream
Will climb her silver stair!

BERRYVILLE

BERRYVILLE

CALL it old Battletown still, if you will—
To me it is beautiful Berryville!
There in the forks of the road at rest,
A rose that the valley has pinned on its breast,
The mist on the mountains, the blue of the tide
Where the Daughter of Stars rushes down like a bride
To the arms of the river that waits for her merry
By the rocks at the falls of the old Harper's Ferry:
Beautiful Berryville—beautiful still
At the crest of the State and the foot of the hill;
A red rose of Dixie in sweet Dixie air,
With the heart of Virginia a-beat for her there!

The sheep in the fields nibble on at the wheat,
And the teams patter in to the old county seat;
Wide doors stand in welcome, the roads stretch away
To the prime and the past of the green country day;
A faraway anvil rings sweet to the clamor
Of the bar in the forge and the blows of the hammer;
There's a vine by the gate, and it says unto me:
"Walk in, feel at home, in this land of our Lee!"
Beautiful Berryville—queenly it lies
'Neath the soft, balmy breath of the South's balmy skies,
And the river flows on from the forks at Front Royal
To Potomac's wide arms with her heart ever loyal!

The old homes are dreaming, as old houses will,
In the yards where the old-fashioned lilacs bloom still;

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

The old homes of history, that shook with the rattle
Of the troops that laid waste with the cruel brand of battle,
This land of sweet story, these vales of loved quiet,
With the spirit of wrath and the vandal-armed riot
That seared the green hills with the hate-kindled ire
And stained the old walls with the black tongues of fire:
 Beautiful Berryville—heart's love to you,
 With the far hills of haze like a crescent of blue,
 And the gleam of the river down there at their feet,
 And a tinkle of bells where the sheep nip the wheat!

APRIL DOWN IN DIXIE

IT'S April down in Dixie, though it's winter here today;
The dreamy dells of Dixie dream the dewy dream of May;
It's snowing on the hillsides, but the valleys at their feet
Are green as grass already with the young spears of the wheat:
 It's April down in Dixie,
 Though the wind blows wintry here—
 But all my heart's in Dixie,
 And it dreams of Dixie dear!

It's April down in Dixie, though the winds are keen we know;
The rose is in her gardens where the balmy breezes blow;
Virginia's woods are bonny with the Indian pipe, and we
Are dreaming of Virginia with her rose-red lips of glee:
 It's April down in Dixie,
 And I care not what they say;
 Love leads me down to Dixie
 Through the lilac gates of May!

APRIL DOWN IN DIXIE

It's April down in Dixie, though it's winter here today:
Virginia dreams of lilacs at her bloomy gates of May;
The buttercups are shining and the woods are sweet I know,
With pink arbutus petals through the green leaves 'neath
the snow:

It's April down in Dixie,
Dreaming Dixie, loved and fair,
And my heart, my heart is longing
To go down to dreaming there!

It's April down in Dixie, though the wind is nipping here;
It's greenie, grassy April down in Dixie land, the dear:
The grape bloom wafts its fragrance and on frail and velvet
wing

The butterfly flames golden on the silver mists of spring:
It's April down in Dixie,
Don't I feel it, don't I know,
Though all our windows rattle
And the hills are crowned with snow!

It's April down in Dixie, and the snowdrops swing their bells
Along the garden borders and adown the oozy dells;
It's April down in Dixie, if ever April grew
Beneath the effluent beaming of the sunlit skies of blue:

It's April down in Dixie,
And the old elations creep
Through the heart in dreaming Dixie
Where the dreams of Dixie sleep!

OLD-FASHIONED THINGS

THE GREENVILLE BAND

THEY took me out the other night
To hear an orches-tray;
Far-famed musicians blew the horns
And made the fiddles sway;
'Twas mighty music that we heard,
Oh, moving, great and grand;
But echoing through it I could hear
The little Greenville band!

They told me there were sixty, yea,
Full sixty pieces there
To follow when the leader fine
Stood up to saw the air.
'Twas wonderful the way they made
The music fill the land;
But far off in the long ago
I heard the Greenville band!

They wore dress suits, with handsome shirts,
And swallow tails, and all;
And every tune they gave us there
Was classical and tall.
A mighty treat, I must confess;
But 'neath that leader's wand
I could not hear a thing except
The little Greenville band!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

A mist, it seemed, came o'er my eyes,
The well-dressed men about,
The handsome women in the seats,
All, all were blotted out!
And there, instead, I seemed to see
Plain folk on every hand;
And heard far off adown the years
The little Greenville band!

DENIAL

“DENY us not!” in anguish oft we pray,
Asking the little more that makes the day.
“Deny us not!” in frequent plight we cry;
“Nor bid the hope that rises in us die!”
“Deny us not!” And what we ask must seem
In our crude wisdom proper for our scheme,
Impartial, merited, and in our view
Just what a kind Divinity should do!
“Deny us not!” And yet how often turns
The wheel of time to where before us burns
The final truth no darkling doubt can hide:
'Twas, after all, the best to be denied!

CANDY KISSES

CANDY KISSES

TWO for a penny, in papers of gold,
With little love-legends in fervency told;
Horehound and lemon, that lasted so long
In girlhoods of fancy and ladhoods of song;
Sweet candy kisses—I dream of you still
In the little shop window by Partridge's hill!

Two for a penny—ah, open and see
The love-token hidden and waiting for thee:
“The roses are red and the violets blue,
No knife can sever our true love in two!”
Sweet candy kisses—what legends of truth
Youth passed with a blush to a maid in her youth!

Two for a penny—each one with its slip
Of love bubbling up from the heart to the lip;
Over the desk where she studied at school,
Cupid's sweet messages broke every rule:
Sweet candy kisses—all snug in the jar
On the shelf in the shop of our childhoods afar!

Sweet candy kisses—bronze wrappers and gold,
Each one with its lyric of loverhood rolled
For secrets of sweethearts and keepsakes of dream
In the jar on the shelf in the days of childgleam:
Sweet candy kisses—love's legends have fled,
But the violet's still blue, and the rose is still red!

THE SHOEMAKER

SHOP was in a little room
At the back of where the bloom
Of his little walk ran round
With sweet-williams, and a mound
Of the valley-lilies sweet,
And yuh went down from the street
Just a little slanting like
When you wuz a little tike.

On a little bench he sat
Where his tools and thread wuz at,
And a piece of hide for soles
Underneath the stove was set
In one of those little bowls
That was yellow once, or green,
Soakin' till 'twas good and wet,
Pliable and soft enough
For to cut and not too tough,
An' to keep its leathery sheen.

Waxen ends wuz there, all white
Till he rolled 'em hard and tight
On his knees, with wax; and then
Sometimes we would ask him for
Piece of wax to chew like men
Chew terbacker, spittin' more
Than men have to do, fer we
Wanted everyone to see.

THE SHOEMAKER

Little wooden pegs fer shoes
He held in his mouth as if
It wuz easy as could be;
Talkin' all the time, strange news
Of the little town, each tiff
'At the neighbors had, and he
Guessed that patch would have to go
Fer 'twas worn too much to sew.

Blackest fingers, and black hands;
When he washed 'em off, my lands!
Must uv had to use some lye
'Ith the soap to wash 'em by;
An' his wife baked bread and sold
Balsam apple, good as gold
For a cut or bruise or sprain
Or most any kind of pain.

Dream me back, O life, the room
Down the pathway lined with bloom;
And the little bench, and there
Old shoemaker man, 'ith hair
Almost gone on top, but he
Mendin' shoes fer you and me,
With the leather for the sole
Soakin' in the yellow bowl!

HANGIN' ON THE WAGON

HANGIN' on the wagon—say!
Hangin' on wuz sweet,
When the wagon, filled with ice,
Rumbled down the street.
Drippin', drippin', cool and nice
Fell the water from the ice;
Hollerin' at the horses: "Hep!"
Standin' on the wagon step.

Stoppin' every now and then,
Cuttin' off a cake to sell:
You remember, don't you, men,
In the days of boyhood spell,
Iceman'd let y'u ride—git ep,
Standin' on the wagon step!

Inside like a misty cave,
Ice a-smokin', cool and sweet,
And the water drippin' down
Cold and clear upon yer feet:
Scales a-bobbin' on behind,
But y'u didn't keer ner mind.

Ten cents worth fer Mrs. Jones!
Clicky-click the hatchet went,
Cuttin' off a little hunk
Every pound a half a cent:
Tongs of steel to hold the cake—
Clutch 'em tight, fer mercy sake!

HANGIN' ON THE WAGON

Oh, the wagon, here it comes
Up the street of Little Town;
Youngsters ridin' on the step,
Some uv 'em a-sittin' down,
Some a-standin', lookin' in
Where the cool mist rises thin!

Old-time ice they cut on ponds
In the winter—don't y'u know—
Maybe thirty years or more
In the golden long ago,
And the water drippin' sweet
On a little feller's feet!

Dreams a-drippin', too, di-pen!
As the memories of it rise,
And the cool mists float again
And the dim mists cloak the eyes.
Driver shoutin': "Yoh, git ep!"
Standin' on the wagon step,
While the water, cool an' nice,
Kep' a-drippin' f'um the ice!

“A YOUNG GIRL BY THOMAS SULLY”

“A YOUNG Girl by Thomas Sully,” and what need to tell
us more?

Framed in her oval there, she smiles with that old grace of
yore.

Some spirit or some fay or elf, such charm of pose and face,
Such shadowing back to us through her of all that old-time
grace!

Tonight, perhaps, in fancy she will step down from the frame
And at the old Assembly, with some silk-hosed, gallant flame,
Dance in the stately dances of the days when hearts did thrill
To bow before each other in the lancers and quadrille!

He painted her for some one, who, a shadow, passed away—
But she is still there dreaming with her cheeks a bloom of May,
And Sully's heart transplanted to his canvas throbs us back
To days of real lace mantles and the little knitted sacks
They threw across fair shoulders, with the pink skin flushing
through

As flush the damask roses in the May morns through the dew:
A young girl! Praised be beauty that can stay so young as
this

When lips are dust of roses that were once so sweet to kiss!

There are such pageants passing as she leans in revery there—
Such feet all silver-slippered pattering down the phantom
stair,

And ladies puffed and powdered, and the tall wiggèd gentle-
men,

With buckled shoon and sabres—will it never come again!

THE OLD FASHIONED BEAU

Oh, dance, my pensive lady, as you danced on hearts of old
In days of mighty spirits in our Baltimore of gold,
While shadows gathering round you shall their homage still
display

To one whose sweet smile wins them with its rose-bloom of
the May!

THE OLD-FASHIONED BEAU

HE sits in the shadow of Long Time Ago,
The joy of the village—the old-fashioned beau,
Who had courted the mothers when they were sixteen,
And courted their daughters, and many between,
And fallen in love, as the years tottered down,
With every susceptible girl in the town—
The old-fashioned beau with his rose and his smile
And his cheerful heart trusting the dim Afterwhile!

He had asked every w'ldow and maid in his time,
He had asked them in prose and asked them in rhyme;
And the children of those who'd refused—with a sneeze—
He'd nursed and then asked them in turn on his knees:
Gentle, good-natured, so full of firm trust
In the beautiful fancies love fashioned of dust—
The old-fashioned beau, with few hairs on his crown,
Who had courted each girl since the town was a town!

Some humored his fancy and jollied him on,
Till the vow on his lips was just ready to dawn,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Then jilted him softly, and, sly as a kitten,
Withdrew their sweet fingers and left him a mitten;
Thus grew his collection, till surely in time
He'd been jilted so often in prose and in rhyme
He must have foregathered as many old gloves
As he had shattered fancies and impotent loves!

He'd asked them to parties, and part of his dream
Had been to invite them down town to ice-cream;
Every show that had come to the old village hall
He had ta'en a new girl, and he went to them all;
He had charmed with his manners at picnic and dance—
This spirit of love in a world of romance—
Bought bon-bons and soda, but ever the same,
None gave him the pleasure of changing her name!

THE TWO-PIN SHOW

I LISTEN again, when the spring wind comes,
To the sound of the fifes and the roll of the drums,
When fifes were of tin and the drum was a pan
And the blood of a boy in a whirlwind ran,
And under the maples, away and away,
The shadows are marching of once-on-a-day
To the show in the barn, with youth's revel and din,
Where everyone paid us two pins to get in!

There were acrobats clever, and gymnasts who hung
By their heels from the broomstick trapeze-bars that swung
From the dusty old rafters, where cobwebs were thick;
And youthful Herr Blondins, who walked double-quick

THE TWO-PIN SHOW

On a tightrope we made from the clothesline and tied
From the door to the fence for the free show outside;
And jugglers and barebacks, three rings and a clown—
When youth was a-bloom and the spring came to town!

I hear it again, and I wish I was there,
Where the little fifes squeak and the tin bugles blare,
And the boy with the dishpan makes echoes that sound
Far down through the years with a memory profound;
And the old acrobats, with their star-spangled tights,
Made of sisters' long stockings, are wonderful sights,
And the elephant prances, because he is made
Of two boys and a blanket, to swell the parade!

“Bony” and “Banty” and all the old boys
Were kings of the ring in that land of lost joys;
And the beautiful lady with skirts made of stuff
That lifted and fell with a foam and a fluff,
Was “Fatty,” dear fellow, whose cheeks were a rose,
And who laughed like a girl and could stand on his toes
On the back of a pony we all understood
Was a barrel with a head and four legs made of wood!

The drummers are drumming, and yonder they go,
The king of the clowns and the prince of the show;
And under the maples I follow the gleam
Of the beautiful pageant of shadows and dream!
Two pins for admission—oh, would I were there,
Far, far from the years with their burden of care,
A-swing on the trapeze and wild with the joy
Of the wind of the spring in the heart of a boy!

THE TEMPLE OF OLD MOTHERS

WIDE are its doors with beauty where they sit
In the sweet porch of afternoon, to knit,
Tell of proud moments, and through shadows bring
Shapes of the sons they bore for worlds to sing
Old deeds of glory and new deeds of might
In far-famed battle or the council's light
Of State and Nation. Often turning there
One 'neath the roses in her wide arm-chair
Speaks of the armed battalions that he led,
Dreams of the wreath once more about his head,
Who was her son and loved her and so wrought
In war's dominion and the realms of thought
That through his gifts the world to her became
Lit with the bloom and starlight of his fame.
One of her sons, the Minister, tells oft—
In accents mild and exclamations soft;
Another who bore the merchant prates of him
Rising in mastery o'er his compeers dim;
She, the tall lady in the gown of gray
With olive skin and daintily crowned with bay,
Was the Cellinis mother—yonder she,
Who by the temple tends the branching tree,
Nursed at her breast great Xerxes; this one drew
Unto her bosom Alexander's thew;
Yonder the mother of Napoleon dreams
In the wide grove beside the wandering streams,
Pouring their floods of crystal to make sweet
Lawns of the temple whose divine retreat

THE TEMPLE OF OLD MOTHERS

Keeps for these shades of mothers of great dead
A green campaign and place of bloom to tread.

Temple of wondrous women—o'er its walls,
Gray as of granite, many a rose vine crawls;
Ivy and bloomy creeper, trumpet flower—
From base to summit of the lofty tower
Carrying their banners to the heights aloft—
Clothe it most sweet in turret and in croft
With endless summer. Deep as carpet wove
On slopes of Helicon for feet of Jove,
The wide lawn spreads about it where they stroll
In the fresh morn, or when the twilight's scroll
Down through the purple sunset paints the west
With dreams of childhood twittering to its rest.
Mothers of all the ages here repose
Beneath these templed porches of the rose—
Sweet mothers of mighty masters of the age
Whose name fame writes on history's golden page
With letters of the deathless dew
Of the vast bowl and heavenly vault of blue.
Mothers of men majestic, queens who reared
Knights of the battles in dim tales ensphered
Of far-off wars and tourneys of lost dream
In the bright splendor of the lance's gleam;
Mothers of statesmen, makers of states and song,
The swart Goliath, and the lithe David strong
With strength of heaven assisted; Tasso sweet;
Captains of armies, admirals of the fleet,
Sculptors and painters; small men, bent of brow,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Who in the tomes of ancient wisdom plow,
Tearing from darkness and the rocks of ruth
Knowledge of life and love of life and truth;
Mariners, merchant masters, men whose tears
Fell in lone watches of the pioneers
On peaks of Darien or on plains that sleep
Where the huge creatures of the jungle creep,
Tigers of Bengal and that Nemean beast
Who on the bones of heroes makes his feast.

Sweet in their groves of shadow rest they now
By the Arcadian fountains! Sweet, somehow,
Dream we these templed mothers; sweet to know
In the long journey we may have to go
Through Enna and the dark sea till we land
On the far-sought and ever-hoped-for strand,
We may find there entempled our own old
In a green grove, where bloomy meadows fold
Round them in summer as a peace that grows
In an old lawn or quiet garden-close.
Sweet to remember mothers in sweet state,
Crowned with the bay leaves, and immortal great
Through great sons given by them to serve their land!
Yonder, the wide door thronging, see them stand
Smiling ineffable oldness, crowned and smiled
Still with the mother-yearning for loved child;
Crowned with the dream of Mothers—pride and joy!
She who saw time grant kingdoms to her boy,
She who saw ages write her son's name high,
She who saw hers for country dare and die,

THE LITTLE BROTHER OF BRITTOMAR

She who saw hers exalted by his grace
In art or skill to invest his time and place
With the divinest music, picture, lay—
All in the temple's porches, day by day,
Resting and waiting till loved feet known well
Pass on the way to fields of asphodel!

THE LITTLE BROTHER OF BRITTOMAR

BRITTOMAR, kingly and grand was he,
A leader of battles in Normandy;
Or a Briton bold, or it matters not
Where he flourished, or when, or what;
The dates are hazy, the records stained
With many a drop where the red blood rained.
Only this do we surely know,
That his arm was strong, and he laid men low.
And he conquered kingdoms and gathered power,
And he lived for himself, and he passed in an hour!

Here, however, the tale grows sweet
That the chronicles of the blessed repeat:
For a little brother had Brittomar,
Who shines in the night like a golden star;
For he had no envy of crown or sword,
But sought sweet service of Christ, the Lord.
Cowled and hooded, with beads and cross,
Where men had grief and where hearts had loss.

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Where children hungered in wind and rain
And lives grew weary with sin and pain,
Where fever burned and the plague raged wild,
He moved like a shadow of little child,
Tender and faithful, as one who chose
To spurn the banner and carry the rose!

Great grew Brittomar, wealth and strength,
And they knew and feared him from length to length
Of land and sea where he strove and struck
For selfish purpose and rare good luck:
But yesterday not a blossom led
To the dust of Brittomar, long since dead,
Not a stone was left that had held his name
In carven records of power and fame;
All, all had vanished; his glory, too,
Time drank as the sunlight drinks the dew;
And not in missal and not on scroll
Was a word writ down of his bloody soul,
Nor an altar lifted to star and sky
That men might cherish his memory by!

His ships have sunk and his walls are dust,
His spears are broken, his sword is rust;
The citadels that he reared have gone,
His towers no longer confront the dawn;
His castles vanished, his empires fell,
With hardly a hieroglyph to tell
Of dreams he dreamt and the hopes he held
And the ranks he slew and the hosts he quelled,

THE LITTLE BROTHER OF BRITTOMAR

Of the gold he spent and the wealth he won—
Dreams and the dreamer are dead and done!

The little brother of Brittomar went,
A quiet monk, on a mission bent;
Water and bread for the hungry poor,
Comfort and cheer for the mourner's door;
Wine and berry for weak and ill—
And his spirit moves on its mission still,
While those who kneel by the roadside shrine
Pray for him ever with faith divine;
And old, old women, and old, old men
Tell of his service again and again,
Praising his patience and blessing his worth,
And how much sweeter he made the earth,
With song for sorrow and faith for fear
Whenever his bloom-bright face drew near!

Make us, O Father, who sometimes cry
For the power Thou givest to conquer by,
Rather than Brittomar—brusque and bold—
The brothers of Brittomar, hooded and stoll'd,
Meek and humble and strong to bear
The silent battles of grief and care;
Bringers of pity and makers of light
Where darkness gathers and all is night;
Silently, sweetly doing our best
To heal life's trouble and touch to rest
The hearts that tremble, the feet that slip,
The hands that falter and lose their grip;

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Serving, not conquering; singing, not strong;
Patience, not power, except over wrong;
Hearts of the morning and spirits of youth
In the long, glad service of love and truth!

Little brothers of Brittomar, Lord,
Who break the lances and shiver the sword;
Arming our might with the cross that grows
In the roadside shrine where the poor man goes;
Happy, if ever through grief and gloom,
We help with our pity and lift with our bloom!

SLEEPING IN THE GARRET

SLEEPING-IN-THE-GARRET time—
Like lost echoes in a rhyme,
Mist and music, moon of haze,
Float the dreams of boyhood days;
Old, low-raftered room, so high
Used to bump the very sky
When we went to bed, we thought,
In those nights with magic fraught!

Sleeping in the garret—there!
Boyhood feet have climbed the stair
Once again to that green isle
Of the days of golden smile:
Dusty chamber, mud-wasp stained,
Shingles sweet with music, rained
With that drowsy slumber-chime
Of the rain of summer time!

SLEEPING IN THE GARRET

Sleeping in the garret seems
Only now a mist of dreams,
But, through all the pain and blight,
Would that I could climb tonight
Up those stairs unto that room
Where I watched the starlight bloom,
And the window's widening view
Brought me hemispheres of blue!

Sleeping-in-the-garret days—
Wrap me, waft me in their haze,
Drifting into drowse once more
To the night train's far-off roar,
To the sougning of the trees,
To the low voice of the breeze,
And the ghost-fear of the child—
Covered head and heartbeat wild!

Sleeping in the garret—you
Must have slept in garrets, too!
Oh, my brothers of the bloom,
Of the wayside's spilled perfume,
Country born and village bred—
Don't we wish we were in bed,
Listening to that magic woof
Of the raindrops on the roof!

THE ARMY OF JIM AND BILL

ONE of them walked with a wooden leg,
And one had a wooden arm:
Jim and Bill, to the bugle's trill
And the echoing drum's alarm.
They carried a faded and tattered flag,
As heppety-hep they went,
Gray and wrinkled and battle-scarred,
Lame and weary and bent.

Bright their eyes with the glory-glow,
Sweet their lips with smile,
There by the sad white stones a-row,
Platoon and single file;
There with a rose and a tear of love
For the dead beneath the hill;
And sweet the sun looked from above
On the army of Jim and Bill.

Clickety-click went the wooden leg,
And the wooden arm went creak;
As there by the dead, with hats off head,
They both began to speak:
"We've buried 'em all but a mighty few,
Our comrades of the fray,
And under the sod and under the dew
They wait the judgment day.

"But whether we're two or whether one,
Whenever the day comes round,

THE BALSAM-APPLE LADY

We come for the sake of the deeds they've done
To consecrate this ground."
Up and on with a clickety-click,
Arm in arm they went,
The beautiful army of Jim and Bill,
Weary and worn and bent.

Smiling and sweet, with eyes ashine,
Arm in arm to the tune
Of the phantom flutes of the far recruits
They march in the golden noon:
A wooden arm and a wooden leg,
Away to the graves on the hill,
Faithful and true to the loved 'neath the dew—
The army of Jim and Bill!

THE BALSAM-APPLE LADY

THE roses of love in the gardens of yore
Are blooming in dreams just as sweet as before,
If we care to go back to the days of the child
When the lips were an echo of hearts beating wild!
Ah, out of the garden the shadows I knew
Float by on the mists of the dawn and the dew!

Her shadow comes often in dreaming to me,
And I dream of the lad that she took on her knee
When bruises were frequent and wounds were the style—
The gentle old lady who wore a sweet smile,
And believed balsam-apple would cure every ill
That childhood might suffer in climbing life's hill!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

The jar with the apples of healing and balm,
How it brought little hearts grace of comfort and calm,
When through bandages gently and tenderly placed
She poured the mild lotion that trickled and raced
With a sting and a smart to the seat of the sore
Little lads always had in the child-days of yore!

Ah, balsam of healing, your value we knew,
But the dear little lady was part of it, too,
And the wounds at her touch and her care went away
Like a phantom that fades in the sunlight of day—
For her smile was a tonic, her tenderness wrought
A charm all its own in the comfort it brought!

Life wounds us so often, its ills are so great
When we leap to the battle of living and fate—
And there's no balsam-apple, no tender old face
To cheer us and charm with the soul of its grace,
Except in the dreams that have faded and fled,
With their lips that are dust and their bloom that is dead!

Ah, dear little lady! Ah, balsam of cheer!
In the shadows you drift of the mist and the tear,
And often when wounded and weary and blue
I long for the healing and comfort of you,
As I dream of the days of the gardens of yore
That are blooming in dream just the same as before!

PLUM-COLORED PANTS

PLUM-COLORED PANTS

WHAT am I laughing at, sitting out here,
Deep in the dreams of a yesteryear?
Nothing, my darling, but glimpses of thought
Fingers of memory in patterns have wrought
Of sunshine and shadow that take me far back
To days in a town at the end of a track,
Where clearer than all in the vision, perchance,
Is Greenbury Jones in his plum-colored pants.

Just a bit faded and quite a bit worn,
And maybe a patch where the seat had been torn;
But ever in splendor and glory they made
Their owner a creature in grandeur arrayed;
For they served him at weddings, at court and at sales—
At “meeting” and burials, going for mails,
Picnic and party and festal and dance,
Greenbury Jones wore his plum-colored pants.

Sets me to tittering whenever I see
Their girth at the belt and those bags in the knee;
And the owner, all wisdom, astride of a box
At the old general store, with his quips and his knocks,
His views of the weather and dicta of state
When discussing the Commonweal’s predestined fate;
A straw in his mouth and an I-know-it glance—
Greenbury Jones in his plum-colored pants.

THE CHESTNUT VENDER

WITH his little charcoal pan
On his little pinewood stand;
With his air of Caliban,
And his fine Italian hand,
He has cut them, and they roast,
Popping open, white and sweet,
And my lips, they sing a toast
To the vender on the street:

Chestnut vender, hail and health,
Life be luck for you, and wealth,
As you've measured life for me
With that smile that glows with glee,
Heaping up your cup of tin
Not alone with nuts within,
But with dreams of drifted beauty
On the hill and on the wold,
And with mists of morn in autumn
On the coasts of fairy gold!

Chestnut vender, here I buy
Amber dawn and opal sky;
Meadow dream and woodland spell
In your little cup you sell;
And the hot nuts, what are they
But a door that leads away
From this corner with its clatter
To the vales that swim for me

THE POORHOUSE YARD

With the fine October weather
In a world of vine and tree!

With his little charcoal pan,
In the chilly morn or noon,
Olive-brown as Caliban,
He is measuring cups of June;
He is whistling airs that mean
Dreams to him of childhood glee
By the waves that roll in sheen
To the shores of Napoli!

THE POORHOUSE YARD

ON a little green bench in the poorhouse yard
They are sitting in the sunlight, dreaming hard.
An old man, drooping as his jaws droop down;
An old, old woman, once a matron of the town;
A fiddler with a fiddle that is old as the hills,
And the little weazened pauper who can never pay his bills.
The poorhouse yard, the poorhouse yard,
Why, it's green as grass can be;
And a whitewashed fence, and a hard wooden bench
That is under a mulberry tree.

On bright, sweet days when the sun shines fair,
The old poor people are always there;
They all smoke pipes, the women and the men,
And they all dream dreams, and the past comes again,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

And they're not old paupers in the poorhouse yard
Just sitting on a bench and dreaming hard.

The poorhouse yard, the poorhouse yard,
It's a quiet old place, indeed,
And the autos roll by with those inside
Who take such a very little heed.

They all eat together at a long rough table,
Which they all sit around who are strong and able;
Some have bandannas on their little wrinkled heads,
Some stay all day in their little pauper beds;
Some cry, some laugh, they're a very changeful lot,
And they like the grassy yard and the warm, sunny spot.

The poorhouse yard, the poorhouse yard,
My heart, how I seem to stand
And watch through the fence those poor old folk
As they dream of a brighter land!

There are red peppers hanging from the old porch beams,
And beans tied up in a bag: and it seems
Like a quaint, far place in another kind of land
Where they wait, wait, wait for the beckoning of a hand,
And a little, little boat on a far, fair shore
Where they'll some day go across and come back no more.

The poorhouse yard, the poorhouse yard.
And the bench and the mulberry tree;
Oh, all day long, in my toil, in my song,
Those poor old people I can see!

Some mumble as they talk, with a mouthful of gums;
And no one in the world knows what dear dream comes

THE TRAIN IN THE NIGHT

Of little happy childhoods or another life than this
When they were "better off" in the goods of worldly bliss;
The poor old people in the poorhouse yard,
In the sunlight on the bench that is rough and hard.

The poorhouse yard, the poorhouse yard,
With a smell of boiling cabbage near;
Or of turnips in the fall, and the old folk by the wall,
With a fiddle, and a pipe, and a tear!

THE TRAIN IN THE NIGHT

WE lived in a village, oh
Once a way, long time ago,
Where there was a depot, not
In the town, but off a lot
From the houses where you sleep,
And at night the trains 'ud creep
Down the grade and up the hill
While y'u laid there just as still
Listenin' to 'em while they'd roar
Till you couldn't hear no more!

Oh, that music, out of sight,
Of a train within the night!
Some likes to be sung to rest
On the ocean's stormy breast;
'At is, I have heard it said
That they do, instead uv bed;
But when it was long ago

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

An' way off the train 'ud blow,
Then come roarin' nearer, gee,
That was music 'nough for me!

As I said, the village where
We lived once, it wasn't there
By the depot close so you
Felt the house shake most in two,
But far off enough to be
Hidden away behind a tree
And to make the train sound so
Rumbly like y'ud want to go
Right off in a kind uv sleep
Just a-listenin' to it creep.

Mile or more away a bridge
Was, an' then there was a ridge
All down grade it had to come,
Hittin' that bridge just like a drum;
An' y'u heard it there in bed
Like a muffled drum instead
Of a loud one rattlin' by
Till y'u couldn't shut an eye;
An' y'u liked to hear it, for
There was music in its roar.

I kin hear it yet, it seems,
Way off there in childhood dreams
Hear it whistle, long and low,
Way off in the long ago,

THE GREENVILLE OYSTER PARLOR

An' go on behind the town
Rollin' and a-rumblin' down
Till at last it seemed so far
That y'u thought it was a star
Way off rumblin' in the skies,
So much sleep was in yer eyes.

THE GREENVILLE OYSTER PARLOR

I WOULD I could taste it as once of old,
That soup with the butter on top, like gold
Had melted and bubbled there, settling down
On top of the milk and the juice like a crown!
I would I could stop in that dear little shop
On the street where the mem'ries of yesterday hop,
And all of old Greenville in oyster time went
To sniff the fried oysters and catch the fine scent
Of the soup they were making and bringing in hot,
So rich, and just flavored to hit the right spot!

Court days in Greenville, and oysters on tap!
Half-shelled for the men at the raw-bar mayhap;
In buckets for families—for all dreams allied
With Greenville remember that "Families Supplied!"
But in come the judge and the lawyers at noon,
And the witnesses, too, and there's something in tune
To the idea of oysters on each beaming face,
With no time for frills or for fashion or grace,
As they order their stews, and they come in a rush,
With pickles cut up on a plate—won't you hush!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Outside the bow window six barrels of them sat,
Just up that morning, and all of them fat,
And all of them flavored with Chesapeake's brine—
Like the tang and the solace of some ancient wine
That has lain for long ages in grottoes of stone
Far down where the shadows dwell dark and alone.

Upon that bow window, such art there behold,
An oyster wide open, so fat and so bold,
That it seemed rolling out of the tri-colored shell;
And hard as the artist had found it to spell,
All of the people in old Greenville knew
Just what he meant with two WWs in "stew."

Ah, the old oyster parlor in Greenville! This day
I can dream of it still in the sweet faraway;
And that soup in the kitchen just swimming in butter—
No wonder you heard all the customers utter
A sigh as they took up the first spoon to taste
And felt the warm good of it down to the waist,
And broke some more crackers, the old "Trenton" kind,
And cast everything clear away from the mind
But that soup, and its richness, and there on the plate
The sliced home-made pickles that made Greenville great!

THE SCISSORS GRINDER

THE SCISSORS GRINDER

AWAY back there in the dear old town,
Where the days go by and the dreams come down;
Away off there in the mists that flow
From the rivers of rest in the long ago;
Away, away, down the little bloom street,
A bell goes ringing and tinkling sweet:
 Scissors to grind, scissors to grind,
 Scissors to grind, it calls,
As up and down through the little town
 Its sibilant caroling falls!

Away back there where the world was young
And under the maples the childheart sung,
The scissors grinder comes down the way
In the lanes of that beautiful yesterday,
And he stops his wheel, and he takes his stand,
And he grinds as he sings of the promised land:
 Sings as he grinds, sings as he grinds,
 Wrinkled and tanned and brown,
While round him cluster the lads that muster
 When scissors-man comes to town!

Away back there in the maple shade
He whirrs the wheel, while beneath the blade
The sparks fly off in a glittering spray
To the dear delight of the hearts of play.
Drip, drip, drip, from a can o'er the wheel
The water drops downward to whet the steel:

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Drip, drip, drip, as he sings and grinds,
Bearded and brown and queer,
We dance and prance in the strange romance
Of the far-off, beautiful year!

Away back there when the gray dusk's wings
Are folded about him who grinds and sings,
We follow him out to the edge of the town
And see him go over the hills and down—
See him go down to the golden rim
Of the faraway places of fancy dim:
Follow him, follow him round and round,
Over the hills and on,
To the golden gleam of the cities of dream
In the violet valleys of dawn!

THE STORE THAT HAD THE BELL ABOVE THE DOOR

I WALKED around the city in the pleasant afternoon,
And saw the great apartment stores, with all their busy
tune;
I strolled along the avenues and saw the fancy shops,
The great glass-plated windows and the gay electric drops,
But ever as I wandered there came back to me the more
The memory of the shop that had the bell above the door.
You heard it jingle, jingle,
When your heart went beating wild,
As you entered with your penny
In the town of Little Child.

THE BELL ABOVE THE DOOR

The store was just the front room of a house where people
dwelt,

And back of it the oven where the baking cookies smelt;
And they were always busy in the back room, so they hung
The bell that when the door was ever opened it was rung,
And tingle, tingle, tingle, on its spiral spring it played
Through all the golden mornings that for little child were
made.

You heard it start to ringing
When you pushed the door so slow
In the little store of childhood
In the land of Long Ago.

At Christmas time the window was a world of candy canes,
And little candy baskets glowed through memory's window
panes;

At Halloween false-faces hung on strings around the room,
And all along the little shelves they scared you with their
gloom;

And Saturdays brought doughnuts with the powdered sugar
on

All in a glass dish glowing like the autumn frost at dawn,

Apartment stores are splendid
In these days of change and might;
But how I love the little store
In childhood's Land of Light!

You squeezed and squeezed your penny in your little hand
that way,

And stood on tiptoe wondering what the one who came would
say;

Or if she'd be the woman with the big hairs on her chin,
Or be the little lady with the soft and gentle grin,
A little lace cap wearing and a little knitted shawl,
Who let you look at everything and even touch the doll.

Oh, jingle jingle, jingle,
Little bell of Nevermore,
In that little shop of childhood
With the bell above the door!

THE SLEEPING MOTHER

HER saintly head is pillowed where she lies
In the sweet noon of summer, on a rose;
And dreams, like feet of violets cross her eyes—
She sees each child, in fancy, where it goes.
This one and that one, wheresoe'er they stray,
Her vision summons from their toil's eclipse,
Her arms around them at the end of day,
Her lips of love pressed on their answering lips.

The twilight loves her, and the stars come by
In twinkling cadence to behold her face,
Where, with the glory of the holy sky,
It gives forth beauty of its slumbering grace.
Her gray locks flutter in the wind that stirs
With phantom fingers at her gentle brow,
And all that peace holds sweet for life is hers
In that great slumber that is on her now.

She hath been patient through enormous years
Of our impatience; and has held it true

THE SLEEPING MOTHER

That faith makes motherhood a shrine of tears
Down the long valleys love must wander through.
Those slender fingers and that frail, white hand,
How soft and soothing have they touched our pain
When in the thunder of the roaring land
We have been wounded and have fought in vain!

Dear, holy feet, how many a mile they've trod
For our sakes solely, in their day by day
Of faithful service to her faith in God,
That we might go with singing at our play!
Oh, light divine of twilight and of morning,
Robe her in sanctity, that we may see
That far-off touch of splendor and adorning
God gives a mother when he sets her free!

Maybe she feels us to her arms yet stealing,
And clasps us loving in her dream of peace,
With that full heart of her old mother-feeling
That knows no death and hungers not to cease!
Oh, little infants, with your fresh young faces,
And sons and daughters grown to high estate,
Drawn to the magnet of her deathless graces,
Take her old hand and lead her through the Gate!

Lift up her head that sweetly pillowed lies,
Lean with your lips unto her lips grown cold
In that quick falling of the sweet surprise
Of sleep's eternal and immortal fold!
She will not frighten e'en the tiniest creature

With that child-dread of something strange and dim;
For thou, loved mother, hath on every feature
In thy sweet sleep put on a smile of Him!

APPLE TODDY

MUSIC made it, laughter filled it,
Mirth upon her red lips spilled it;
Youth and beauty in its stream
Turned it into dance and dream.

Memory kept it twenty years
In a closet, till its tears
Bubbled round the cork and ran
Where the golden spiders span.

Where they ran with webs they wound
O'er it till 'twas hardly found
But for Pleasure on her way
Bringing it to light one day.

Fiddles twanged with joy to greet it,
Morning came with flowers to meet it,
Passion said 'twas of the vine
Whence Olympus made its wine.

Poetry tasted—it was dew,
It was skies of April blue;
It was Fancy—girl of glee—
Dancing 'neath a damson tree!

OLD MAN TOBACCO

OLD MAN TOBACCO

QUIET in the evening for the people of the poor,
And old man Tobacco comes a-tapping at my door:
Old man Tobacco,
With a smile that seems to say:
“Fill up your pipe, my hearty,
And we’ll smoke care away!”

Weary of the trouble and the aching and the pain,
And old man Tobacco comes a-tapping there again:
Old man Tobacco,
Like a comfort in the night,
With his “Fill up, my hearty,
And I’ll let you have a light!”

Sober stars above us and the silver moon ashine,
And old man Tobacco at this cabin door of mine:
Old man Tobacco,
With the comfort of his smile,
And his “Fill up, my hearty,
And you needn’t mind the style!”

Care goes, and sorrow, and a sweetness comes to me,
And old man Tobacco is the cause of all the glee:
Old Man Tobacco,
With his funny, curling smoke,
And his “Fill up, my hearty,
And you’ll think life a joke!”

OLD VIRGINIA HAM

MELTED butter on the tongue,
Meadows where the world is young;
Clover valleys, where the dew
Sifts its silver mist o'er you;
Taste of nature at her best—
Old Virginia ham's the rest!

Name the flavor? Never while
There's no name for taste of smile
Of the sunlight through the trees
And the humming of the bees
At the honeysuckle lips
Of the land where Junetime trips!

What's it like? I do declare!
What's it like to taste the air
Of a mountain or a vale,
Or a blue sea where the sail
Of an argosy of love
Soars with sapphire skies above?

Have another slice, you say?
Thanks, I will! No other way
Anywhere in all the land
That a man can—out of hand—
Eat a flavored meat that seems
Melting on your tongue in dreams!

THE LASS BENEATH THE BONNET

THE LASS BENEATH THE BONNET

WHEN the triumphs and the conquests of the heart
are counted o'er,
When they tell of love that flourished in the days of never-
more,
When they weigh the charms of loving and their amours dwell
upon,
Round those tender recollections music echoes, roses run:
When the world has worn one weary with its flaneur and
its flash,
With its chain of charming maidens carrying hearts with
sweep and dash,
Then a vision looms before me and a song sounds sweet and
low—
Ah, the lass beneath the bonnet that I loved so long ago!

The old-time striped sunbonnet, where she used to hide her
face,
The sweet old-fashioned lilacs that she carried with such
grace,
The curls that used to dangle where her shoulders sloped so
sweet,
The little schoolgirl figure with its touch of grace petite,
The little checkered apron and the skirt of Highland plaid—
Ah, the vision makes me merry and the echo makes me sad,
For through tides of time that flow not another lass, I know,
Has smiled beneath a bonnet as she smiled so long ago!

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

Purple splendor of adventure marks the marches of the heart,
Modern love is like a measured and a very mundane art;
Hands are offered, hearts are bartered, Cupid wears the dollar
mark,
And the sweet, old-fashioned spirit dies upon the circling-
dark.

So, I love the echo ringing through the old times unto me,
And the little vision swinging down the lanes of rosy glee—
The lass beneath the bonnet waiting where the lilacs grow,
Ah, the lass beneath the bonnet that I loved so long ago!

THE KNOWING FRIEND

SOME people think a dog don't know.
Mine does.

Those big brown eyes with wisdom glow
Behind their fuzz.

They have a language, too, far sprung
From speech beyond the speech of tongue,
And he can talk with those fine eyes
With meaning more than men full wise.

Some people say a dog can't think.
Mine can.

Else, why that almost human wink,
That knowing scan?

Else, why the evidence so real
He hath the common gift to feel
Sorrow and gladness, and put on
Hate with a growl, joy with a fawn?

THE KNOWING FRIEND

Some people claim a dog's no good.

Mine is.

No nobler heart—when understood—

Than his!

No truer and more loyal friend,
Ready to warder and defend,
Childlike with happiness when day
Brings me to twilight's homeward way.

Some people think a dog's a brute.

Mine's not.

Noble, affectionate, astute—

That's what!

Worthy the love that life can spare,
Always the sentinel spirit there,
Tender, heroic, faithful, wise:
Look! you can see it in his eyes.

Some people think a dog don't care,

And so

Hand him an oath, and seldom spare

The blow.

Creature more sensitive ne'er drew
Breath through a heart more stainless true;
Spirit ne'er suffered such as he;
Look in those eyes and read their plea!

Dogs are just dogs, I know,

But then,

SONGS OF THE DAILY LIFE

So are men only, as they go,
Mere men!
Dog is that cross, upon the whole,
Between the unsoulful and the soul;
Believe me, a treasure in the end—
Dear comrade and a knowing friend!

GOOD-NIGHT

GOOD night, good-night—ah, little cares and troubles!
Good-night, good-night—fair hopes and golden bubbles!
Good-night, good-night—dim shadows, hopeful gleaming,
Lost and forgotten in life's fitful dreaming!

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